OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. Nº 41.

## THINGS THEATRICAL.

MDLLE. AUGUSTA.—The lady who dances at the Park theatre under this appellation, the Albany Daily Advertiser says is the wife of a French nobleman, the Count St. James. He has for many years been in the French cavalry service, but the fall of the Bourbons left him without any other dependence than the talent of his wife, who is represented to be uncommonly handsome and amiable.

DOWTON's benefit took place at the Park on Wednesday. He immediately returns to England.

The KEELEYS are drawing as full houses as ever, and play with increased spirit. They did not hit the Bostonians hard during their recent engagement.

JONES' benefit at the Park "comes off" on Wednesday evening next, for which we are gratified to find he has secured the services of a star of no lesser magnitude than Mrs. GIBBS, (late Miss Graddon,) the prima donna of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. We are glad this eminent vocalist makes her debut at the Old Drury of America, for aside from her great popularity as the contemporary of Mrs. WOOD, and our anticipation, therefore, of a treat of no ordinary character, it well afford our fellow citizens an opportunity of reciprocating the welcome extended to our countryman, FORREST, on the other side of the Atlantic.

ELLEN TREE, with her friends, are recruiting at the Astor House, after their voyage. "Fair Ellen" makes her debut on Monday week, we hear.

EDWIN, the vocalist, made a palpable hit last Saturday night, at the Park, in *Tom Tug*.

HACKETT is at the National, and draws very fair houses; WALLACK ditto—all but the houses. It's his own fault. He cannot play tragedy; at least not the first range of characters.

The little Franklin is nightly crowded, and so is *not* Miss Nelson's theatre.

COOKE's Equestrian Arena opened on Thursday: an out and out affair altogether.

THE WATSONS.—Our little favorite, Miss WATSON, was deprived by a severe cold of the opportunity of taking a benefit last week at the National, and was also obliged in consequence to decline an engagement with CELESTE to perform in the Maid of Cashmere, at Philadelphia. Mr. Watson has a new opera in preparation, while Mrs. Watson has *produced* a new work *in sheets*. The lady's production is calculated to make considerable *noise*, and is to be followed by several *nursery* ballads. This edition is embellished with a *miniature likeness* of Mr. Watson, and is the first of a new *series of numbers*, which are designed to make up a *family library*.

The Emigrant of Wednesday appears to be superlatively pleased with the result of Miss CLIFTON's Baltimore engagement. The amiable editor remarks to this effect:—

"Miss CLIFTON has appeared at Baltimore, in the character of Marianna, supported by Wallack as St. Pierre. The dress circle was enchanted, the critics dumfoundered, and the gallery in a perfect hurricane of applause. The career of this fascinating actress, since her return from England, has been one round of uninterrupted triumphs."

Colman has some very fine lithographic prints of GEO. JONES, in Hamlet, who makes his first appearance in that character on the 7th of next month, at the National theatre. Jones produces Sergeant Talfourd's classical tragedy of ION during his engagement.

## SALMAGUNDI.

Gov. Marcy has appointed Thursday, the 15th of Dec., as a day of *Public Thanksgiving* throughout this State. Already the loafers and little boys have began to starve themselves to get an appetite. Sucking pigs begin to experience melancholy apprehensions of troublous times, and the twist is incontinently taken out of their tails, while as the bacon season approaches, "whole hogs" begin to take heed unto their latter ends. Chickens, in anticipation of being bedevilled are hard run to keep up their spirits:—ducks, filled with hideous qualms, turn up the whites of their eyes, and geese, in anticipation of soon "shuffling off this mortal coil," are devoutly washing themselves in every ditch, determined, like "immortal Cæsar, to die with decency."

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It is said by philosophers, that all men are in some degree mad, an assertion that we by no means intend to admit or confute; but of this we are certain, that at particular periods most people suffer a kind of mental aberration, which, like "wit, unto madness nearly is allied." We are not a philosopher, therefore we enter not into the causes of such things; but as public journalists, it is our imperative duty to proclaim their effects. The following are of so decided a class of insanity, that we have no hesitation in giving them to the public, cautioning our friends to avoid being bitten, as they value themselves and dread hydrophobia and dog barking:—

The enemies of our city Firemen have the madness to suppose that the people will bear with their domineering insolence another year. When Gulick, the newly elected Register, shall have made money enough to support the dignity, the Firemen intend promoting him from the post of Chief Engineer to that of Chief Magistrate.

The literary Anak of the Philadelphia Gazette has the madness to think his brother-in-law Curtis, a bar keeper at the Astor House, as "the one altogether lovely." To tell the truth, the *liquorary* productions of Curtis are held in universal request, while those of the literary mushroom are not only devoid of *spirit*, but unmixed with the slightest sprinkling of *gin*-ius!

The editor of the Commercial believes Maria Monk to be "possessed of an evil spirit." While her "awful disclosures" were in course of publication, we make no doubt she cast out more (printer's) devils than Mary Magdalen.

Some of our political contemporaries have the madness to think that a lie well stuck to, is as good as the truth.

A majority of the present Board of Aldermen and Common Council have *not* the madness to anticipate a re-election; the Firemen having thrown cold water on any expectations of the kind.

Mr. Denvil, the comical tragedian, has the insanity to suppose himself, in face and figure, the only living representative of the Apollo Belvidere.

Several individuals in town, who escaped Lynching at Vicksburg last year, have the unbridled madness to fancy they will get off unhung should they present the editor of a certain penny paper with a warm suit of tar, turned up with feathers, as they threaten during the cold weather.

Our handsome friend, "the political Doctor," has the monomania of thinking himself "the pet of the petticoats."

Several of Lady Warrington's friends have the madness to think she can beat Edwin Forrest and distance Dutchman. Of course they are "mad as March hares."

One of the for-ever attitudinizing leaders of the *corps de ballet* at the National has the maiden madness of considering herself not yet arrived at a "certain age." A wag was wicked enough to say the other night, that her legs were so crooked she could not stand still.

We have a few dozen other cases, but these must suffice for the present, lest we be thought mad enough to believe that any more would find readers.

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"P., did you see Wallack play Richard last night?" "No; I went to the Park to see the Keeleys; why?" "Because he played it capitally—almost equal to Kean." "How do you know that, you was not there?" "Know it! why he told me so himself!"

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Tom B., a facetious friend of ours, has just been "sent to Coventry" by the faculty of a New England college. Tom says he rebelled in order to be sent home to New York, where he could get something to eat, and that when he first arrived he was so much thinner than an April shad, that his father and mother could not see him if they both looked at him at the same time!

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There is no truth in the report that "Old Hays" is to lead the business at the new Bowery theatre. It is equally untrue that Mr. Figaro Waddell is engaged in editing the auto-biography of Maj. Noah.

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Why are bachelors called *odd* fellows by the ladies? Because they remain *single*, to be sure. It is rather *odd* that old maids should always be termed *single* by bachelors, but one good *term* deserves another.

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The editor of one of the Philadelphia weekly papers says he "almost wants words!" If we are correctly informed, he is fast being supplied by his readers, many of whom in this city have sent him words—to stop their papers.

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"How funny the ladies look in their small sleeves," remarks one of the morning papers. They would look a great deal funnier without any, these cold days.

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*Recipes for Dying.*—The best recipe for dying black is hanging. The cholera gives a blue, "that will not wash out," as a Broadway clerk says of his calicoes. Fevers can be recommended for any light, delicate, pale color, and to be "done brown," you have only to take any quantity of patent medicines.

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Of all kinds of lying, says a Pythagoras of the modern Athens, the most vicious is lying abed late in the morning.

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Since Hamblin's assault upon the notorious squinter, it is said the latter can see round his own head; so that after all he will make a good thing of the cuffing he got, for while he is busy with one eye pointing his paragraphs, with the other he can watch the enemy's approach, and see that his boys are at work at the same time.

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In remarking upon a paragraph in this paper relative to Mis Clifton's success in Philadelphia, the Courier of that city says: "Such information could only have been derived from some of our journals, whose want of independence, or affectation of fashionable taste, has long since given their evidence a character somewhat akin to that finally enjoyed by the boy who cried 'wolf! wolf!'" Indeed! Then it was fashionable, was it, to flatter Miss C. and admire her acting? Our "information" was not derived from the Courier, at any rate. We stated that her "success in Philadelphia was most flattering," and the article in the Courier contradicting our assertion, commences with these words: "On Tuesday night a *full and fashionable* house witnessed the last appearance of Miss CLIFTON and Mr. WALLACK." We trust the Courier will not give the lie to its *own* statements.

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Jim Crow (Rice) is about publishing his songs in London by subscription, embellished with a portrait of himself! His engagements are said to have realized $15,000. While our hand is in, it may be as well to state, which we do in positive terms, that Jim is not the writer of the letters from Europe in the Daily Express, over the signature of O. P. Q.!

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BAD IS THE BEST.—A gentleman travelling in a stage coach annoyed his fellow passengers by an incessant cough. "That is a bad cough," at last testily observed one of the "insides." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "but 'tis the best I have got."

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The Ulemas of Turkey, are much exasperated at the Sultan, in consequence of the liberality, or as they think, impiety of the Porte, in adopting foreign innovations. The Ulemas are men of the closet, and are behind "the spirit of the times."

Boston Transcript.

And so is the Sultan, Mr. Transcript, for so far from keeping up with "the *spirit* of the times," he has merely attained to the dignity of "Sublime *Port*."

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The Italian Opera House, (now the National theatre), was sold on Thursday to JAMES H. HACKETT, the comedian, and Mr. O. MORAN, for $75000.

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AWFUL SHIPWRECK.—One of the most shocking catastrophes that we ever read of even among the thousand and one tales of shipwreck and the perils of the sea, occurred on Sunday afternoon last, within two hours ride of this city. The ship *Bristol*, Capt McKown, from Liverpool to New York, went ashore during a severe storm on West Rockaway beach, and about *seventy of the passengers were drowned!*

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**Several Reports of Races are unavoidably crowded out this week**

## THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.

FRIEND P.— Boston, Nov. 21, 1836.

There are now three theatres in full force in this city, which is certainly an incontrovertible argument that the demand for theatrical amusement is rapidly increasing.

I recollect but a few years since our old Drury, in Federal-street, was open three nights per week, and at that time it was the only temple in Boston for the devotees of Melpomene and Thalia. But as the old saying goes, "it never rains but it pours," and there is an *on dit* that a *fourth* theatre is on the tapis.

The KEELEYS have been the principal attraction at the Tremont for the last fortnight, but in consequence of the excitement about politics, every body having been on the *qui vive* for the latest news from Pennsylvania, this deserving couple have been much neglected. Mrs. Keeley fairly took us by surprise,—she opened in *Lucille* to a thin house, but before the completion of the second act, the select few found themselves shedding big drops from their eyes, "as Arabian trees do medicinal gums." Her beautiful singing, and easy, unaffected style of acting, certainly exceeds any thing I have ever seen. The "*Loan of a Lover*," and the "*Swiss Cottage*," have been played a number of times. The former, I think, gives both these artists a better opportunity than any other, of displaying their extraordinary talents. Her sweet nightingale notes have been running in my head for a week.

This week Mr. and Mrs. HIELD, who deserve more praise than has been yet bestowed on them, go through their range of tragic characters. They commence with *King John*. King John, Hield; Lady Constance, Mrs. Hield.

The Lion Theatre, though last in the field, promises to outstrip its "Rivals" in the race, and cause them to be "Disagreeably Surprised," but while they endeavor to "Laugh when they can," at the "Fatality" which causes them to go "All in the Wrong," I hope that neither will be hastened to the "Road to Ruin." The company has been materially strengthened since last season, in both the dramatic and equestrian departments—most of the new members of the former appeared last week, and met with a hearty welcome. Miss LOUISA JOHNSON, decidedly the best dancer in this city, trips along a la Taglioni,

"As if she floated on a fairy's wings."

I know not how she is received in Gotham, [then don't ask.] but here, in the Literary Emporium, she is a great favorite. We think of getting up the "*Mountain Sylph*" for her especial accommodation. Her pretty face and laughing eyes would grace the Sylph.

The Lion Orchestra is very effective. To give you an idea of it, a lady, who sat in one of the private boxes the other evening, was so much pleased with the overture to *Der Freischutz*, that she actually threw a handful of sugar-horn mottoes, or love couplets, upon CLEMENS, the leader. But he was so much engrossed in his labors, that he suffered these honors to fall thick upon his devoted head, without even bestowing a look upon his fair admirer. She would have thrown him a sugar-kiss, had she not feared that it might find its centre of gravity upon another, or else, striking the cranium of him for whom it was intended, have increased the musical bump to a size beyond what would be considered by phrenologists, a as natural development.

Pelby, of the Warren, is driving a tandem team against the Lion, or as he terms it, per bill, the "Defy Competition Theatre." The *Six Degrees of Crime*, translated from the French, by F. S. Hill, has had a good run, and now they have got up the "Bronze Horse," which promises to outrun all before it. J. S. Jones' drama, called the *Hunter of the Far West*—a very slim affair, of the mushroom character—went off but poorly.

At the Tremont they are getting up a splendid piece, but we of the purlieus have not yet had an inkling of it. I think I shall be able to inform you next week.

Yours, &c.

W. E.

*Note.*—Don't trouble yourself; we are *au fait* with the whole affair. By the way, where is Miss MCBRIDE, of the Tremont? If she is excelled by Louisa Johnson, then we hereby recant and "take back" all the handsome things we have all along been saying of her.— Ed. Spirit of the Times.

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SOUTHERN HOTEL.—This new Hotel, at 157 Broadway, was opened by Mr. Ottey, in form, last Monday, when a party of his friends sat down to a capital dinner, at 5 o'clock, and "made a night of it." The "Southern" promises to become one of the most popular hotels in town, and not its least recommendation is the fact of its being situated out of the noise and bustle of Broadway, in the rear of the office of the Spirit of the Times. "In course" it must succeed.

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Sophia Gordon, aged 23, the wife of a tailor in Huntley-street, St. Pancras, poisoned herself on the 10th with oxalic acid, her jealousy being aroused by finding in her husband's pocket a ticket for a concert given by Miss James. When she told her husband "she had done it," he was reading, and believing it a joke, said "Don't bother me." It proved to be a serious joke, and the lady's troubles were soon closed in death. Verdict of the Coroner's inquest—Insanity.

The following paragraph, taken from "the Australian," a Sydney paper, of the 20th April, will show that the "Sydney Coveists" are alive to the sports of the field:—"The Sydney hounds will meet to-morrow morning at seven precisely, at the Punch Bowl, Liverpool-road. It is confidently expected that a great run, and the death of the stag at the end of it, will reward the sportsmen." In the same paper we have an account of the Sydney Races, at which the sports seem to have been excellent.

An excellent portrait of Jem Ward has just been published at Liverpool. The hero is represented stripped, and standing in the ring in a sparring position. The likeness is exceedingly good, and the picture generally conveys an admirable representation of Ward's fine bust and figure.

*Reading overmuch.*—Hobbes once said to a notorious bookworm, "if I had read as many volumes as you have done, I should have been as ignorant as you are."

*Mechanics vs. Poetry.*—It has been ill-naturedly said, that the inventor of a wheelbarrow has done more service to mankind, than the writer of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

*Euphonious.*—The river Mohawk was originally called by the Indians, *Canneogahakaitadelonen*.

Among the literary curiosities in the national library at Berlin is the identical Bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold. How it came into the hands of the present possessors is not generally known.

A fight lately came off in Madame Vestris's green room, between Hooper, the treasurer, and Mr. Vining, a comedian. The latter was worsted.

The rehearsal of the finale to Der Freischutz for the Norwich Festival, was performed by 400 voices, producing a sublime effect.

*Credit and Money.*—Credit is often no more than an opinion; and the difference between credit and money is, that money requires no opinions to support it.

GRISLY BEARS.—*Improvement in Menageries.*—Among the recent additions to the Surrey Gardens, London, are two "splendid grisly bears from North America. A Mr. Cross ingeniously supplies heat to the delicate animals of hot climates by placing near them the hot-blooded animals of cold regions.

## THE WHIPPER-IN.

BY A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno."—JUVENAL.

"Time, stern Huntsman, who can baulk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?"—SIR W. SCOTT.

"Peace be to their manes, Paddy!—thou wer't a trusty soul; aye, and a thirsty one as ever lifted the little finger! Dull is the pot-room of the Hen and Chickens since thy departure, and the tap of the Hurlers resounds to thy cheer no more! I would have taxed my skill to the uttermost to preserve thy joyous life, but Death is not to be controlled, and the Faculty have no power when once the iron enters the soul."

Such were my mental adjurations when I was informed of the death of PADDY O'CARROL OGE, late whipper-in to mine honest friend, Squire Donelly, Ballyfane Castle, to which hospitable dwelling I was then proceeding, driven by an old comrade of the lamented deceased.—"Well," said I, breaking silence, "so poor Paddy is gone at last?"

"Troth you may say that, Sir, and many a wet eye he left afther him: there was not a hound in the pack that was'nt moanin him, and 'twould delight your honor to hear the iligant *keening* (crying or lamenting) that was at his berrin."

"Indeed I believe you."

"An' the master, 'tis he was the kind master to Paddy: he mixed a tumbler of punch wid his own hands (an 'tis he that knows how) for him just afore his death, that ris the coekles of his heart; and he gave a view halloo that rung through the house like music; the dogs tuk it up, and the hounds in the kennel leapt with joy, and chimed in for all the world like a hot trail on a dewy morning."

"Did'nt that disturb Paddy?"

"Och, no! he was dying at any rate, and thought it would be mighty purty to die ginteel; so he let them know that the game was in him, an if it was'nt for that ugly cough, he'd hunt the dogs for the next tin saysins."

"I suppose the master was very much grieved?"

"Grieved is it the master? by my fait you may say that. 'Arrah, Paddy, my poor sarvent,' sis he, 'are you lavin me now? who will I get to ride Croptail if you are gone?'—'Masther dear,' sis Pad, 'will you promise me one thing?'—'Twenty, Paddy,' sis he, 'if it will give you *ase*.'—'Then say you'll let no one throw a leg over Croptail, barring yourself.'—'Sartinly, Paddy,' sis he; 'that's the laste you may expect.'—This to be sure pacified the poor fellow very much; so when he got the sogarth (priest) he was aisy, and died like a lamb, blessing the masther and us all."

"And of course the master observed Paddy's dying request?" said I.

"Wisha he did'nt," replied the domestic, "an myself is ashamed to say it: he went into the parlor, where some gentlemen were drinking, and in one ten minutes he *knocked* poor Croptail—an a better was never lapped in leather—for an ould spavined roarer that one would be ashamed to be seen riding the likes; an I can say I was not grieved at it, 'twas such a shame for a gentleman to belie a poor sarvant, and he in his grave."

It was not for me to argue this question of master *versus* servant on a promise to be kept *post mortem*; so I talked on indifferent subjects, until a pair of rusty iron-gates (the lower end of one having bad adieu to its neighbor, being supplied with a few bushes of furze, and the other was so stiff on its hinges as to require some exertion of the wild agile girl who ran out of the porter's lodge at our summons) announced our proximity to the Manor-house.

The once neat porter's lodge now bore evident symptoms of misuser or abuse, non-user or neglect. The picturesque trellis-work in front had doubtless been converted into fireing; and a small plot of ground, once decked in the garden's trim array, blooming with roses and carnations, now, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* contained in one part sundry mis-shapen heads of cabbage, while potato-beds occupied the remainder. The long avenue was untrimmed, and grass had sprung up in the gravelled walk. "How is this?" I inquired of my charioteer: "It does not say much for your house being troubled with visitors, to have your gates stiff, and grass growing in the carriage-way."

"Visitors!" repeated my chaperon, with an indignant toss of the head, "God help us! it's little you know of Ballyfane Castle, an the good man that owns it, if you think there's no visitors there. The fact is," says he, lowering his voice to a tone of confidence, "that when they come they like the place so *well*, they're in no hurry to lave it, and that's the truth I'm thinking."

We were now in sight of the "great house," which, whether it be castle or hall, cottage or cot, is always so called by the lower orders; it was a good specimen of an old country residence in Ireland some twenty-five years ago. The front was long and low, but one story high, and was pierced for innumerable small windows, but from the high taxes (I conclude), the unplastered bricks closing them shewed that reform had been busy: the ends were turrets, the side windows commanding the hall door, which in troublesome times was very desirable, as the means of preventing the entrance of uninvited guests; the house went far back, and a series of proprietors had tried their architectural skill in returns and additions, till it presented as many specimens of the building style as Buckingham Palace now-a-days. The hall, however, was ample, and, decorated with the spoils of the chase, presented a respectable appearance. A large pair of antlers, obtained from one of the red deer, at one time so common in Ireland, was nailed to the wall; on a table in the centre was the stuffed skin of a fine otter, killed in the neighboring stream; while the brushes of many foxes told that the hounds of Ballyfane were not the most merciful of their foes. From this branched off many corridors, windows literally to exclude the light, and passages leading—like many Parliamentary speeches—to nothing. There was, of course, much irregularity in the formation of the rooms, owing to the numerous changes in the masonic department. The barrack-room, a large apartment furnished with beds *ad libitum*, was a pleasant roost when not too noisy. But it is high time we should be acquainted with the lord of the soil. He has just returned from a neighboring hunt.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you at this side of Ballyfane, Doctor," said my worthy friend, shaking me painfully by the hand, with the gripe like that of a smith's vice: "by all that's lovely, you are now more than four mortal weeks without putting foot in this house."

I pleaded professional engagements.

"Hang the profession, when your friends want you," he replied, laughing; "but, Doctor, I dare say you are anxious to engage dinner, and Peggy will give us a hell of a scolding if the mutton is done to rags." With this threat in my ears, I abridged my toilet, and was soon sitting next to Peggy, or more properly Miss Margaret, who, all smiles and good humor, was presiding at the head of the table.

The mahogany was well and plentifully furnished. An accomplished *gourmand*, accustomed to *Ude's patés*, would most assuredly eschew a leg of mutton at top, and a saddle of ditto at bottom, or doubtless leave the table where two plebeian legs of mutton reclined on the same dish: but to keen sportsmen, skimming over a mountain heath, or wading through a bog or river in pursuit of a fox or wiry hare, the appearance of eatables or drinkables in a presentable shape was anything but unpleasant; and to do justice to my fair neighbor, she shared her cookery with right good will, and passed the bottle as a right honest fellow.

The good company would have been a study for Cruikshank: it consisted of four members of the Duhallon Hunt, in costume, scarlet coats, buckskin "Oh-no-we-never-mention-ables," and top-boots—gay, rattling fellows, up to anything, and staunch friends to Bacchus and Co. There was the tutor of mine host's boys, or the *tacher*, as he was commonly called—a staid, sober personage, attired in a rusty suit of black, "a world too wide." Next in the order, at the foot of the table, sat the man of the house, flourishing, with true hospitality, his carving knife and fork, and making a *bridle* track in the *saddle* before him, by giving each a *bit* in his mouth. To his left sat a poor relation, who acted as steward, or sort of agent to the property, fished, hunted, and shot for the benefit of the larder, and ate and drank for the benefit of—himself—a sort of double to the Squire, who drank and talked with him when alone, and sat lowest at the board on a party day; when, if it was not that his corporeal frame was visible to the sight, and from the dexterity with which he removed mounds of meat from his plate, one naturally supposed his alimentary organs in active operation, he might have passed for a statue; for, save and except a low growl between him and the Dominie, which I perceived was an excuse for tossing off a huge hob-nob glass of wine, and filling a second, he did not utter a syllable during the presence of the ladies. The ladies were merely the Governor's daughters, three stout, rosy-cheeked, larking girls, full of frolic and good humor, rejoicing in the rural appellations of Peggy, Biddy, and Debby. Their "great fun" was, when a young gentleman would visit the Castle, to get at his clothes and sew up the cuffs of his coats, or rub flour on one, which made it look old before its time. Another trick was, stitching up the legs of his trousers, so when the hurried youth wished to get them on it was *no go*. These are experiments, in my mind, no way tending to expand the delicacy of the female character. I hate a romp, and these look very like.

The appearance after dinner of a servant bearing a jug of hot water in one hand, and in the other a large *garde-vin* bottle filled with the "Native," was the signal for the departure of the ladies. When the door closed after them, each drew close, the files were filled up, the goblets crowned the board, and all seemed well disposed to enjoy and be thankful for the fare the Gods provided.

If it be possible for the human mind to be totally oblivious of the cares of this life it is assuredly at that moment: all is good humor and hilarity: there is no observance of etiquette, no standing on formality, no intrenchment on the ground of high rank: all is mirth: all is conviviality: Death levels all distinctions—so does drink.

"Tut, man, that whiskey is as wake as whather," said my "poor relation," from the foot of the table, having opened his mouth for the first time, and observing I did not put into my tumbler a sufficient quantity of spirit, which, in his opinion—and he should be supposed to know—made a legitimate glass of punch.

"I'm thinking, Doctor," said the master, "that you would'nt like your liquor as strong as we are in the habit of taking it, so just please yourself: take as much or little as you like."

There are few men who possess the milk of human kindness in a more amiable degree than my excellent host, and of this the above is an example. He is a gentleman, and acts as such. I know many who deem it a part of their system of hospitality never to have a guest rise from the table sober; and will aid this by dashing whiskey into the tumbler of the unwary guest when his head is turned aside: and this they call *taking good care of him.* Not so in the present case: here I was allowed to do as I liked. I was not, however, nor did I wish to be, a check upon the rest; and to do them every justice, I never saw a set of men better inclined to "send round the bowl." There was no hesitation about mixing; no half filling up; no sky-lights or heel-taps to cause a reproach: all was fair. There were a few toasts drunk to give a zest to the performance; but I marked a tear dim the brightness of the laughing eye, a tremor in the hand, while filling his glass, and a stammer in the speech of our host, as he rose from his chair to propose a toast. "Gentlemen," he commenced—"my friends, my fellow sportsmen, I rise to propose a bumper toast; fill your glasses—fill to the brim, for I give you the memory of one who ever scorned a heel-tap. We have seen him in his hours of business, and none could be more attentive: we have seen him in his hours of recreation, and who more gay or light-hearted?—ever ready with the song or jest, and never was there one who knew him, but does not in his heart love the memory of Paddy O'Carrol Oge."

The toast was of course drunk in solemn silence; but if deep drinking could have appeased the late O'Carrol Oge's thirst for fame, truly had it been well satisfied. Again and again bumpers were filled: musingly, as if the unseen shade whispered some memento of happy days gone by, the goblets were drained, and set on the board empty, till the tears stood in the eyes of the party, if not for the strength of love borne to the deceased himself, at least for the strength of love borne to the *spirit*.

"Helas, poor Patrick!" ejaculated the tutor; he was indeed a *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*"

"Come here, Phelim," said the Squire to his son, "and translate that Latin Mr. Cordery has quoted." The child drew near, and got a glass of punch to quicken his intellects; he was a shrewd little fellow, and if he knew not the proper translation, hit off a very good one for the time and place. "The maning of *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*, father, is, 'He crossed the country like a bird, and very much liked black strap.'"

"That's a ganius," said his father, patting his head, while the tutor was as proud as if he had really given a correct version.

"By the powers, but he's fit to be a bishop!" said one of the Nimrods, "or a Clargy any day."—"Many a pleasant story Paddy had," said another, addressing our host. "Do you remember the time George Batman, Will Baily, and you had the night of it?"—"Faith, my cellar wasn't the better of it for many a day," answered the Squire.—"What was there remarkable in that night?" inquired the third fox-hunter.—"Judge for yourself when you hear: have I your leave, Donelly?"—The Squire nodded assent, and we were all attentive to the following anecdote, I believe unprecedented in the annals of conviviality.

One fine summer evening, in the year 18—, I passed by the lodge below, on my way to the fair of Kildovery: it was the June fair, and as I wanted to be early, I took breakfast at six o'clock, and rode along; the gate of the avenue was open, and I saw the marks of horses' hoofs in the gravel, for there had been a heavy dew, and the ground was moist. Farther down, at the little well in the demesne wall, where the clear stream runs across the road, I saw a man and horse: the man had dismounted, and was so busily engaged filling his pitcher, that he did not turn his head until the horses neighed for old acquaintance sake, and at the first glance I discovered Paddy. "Good morrow, Paddy," I accosted him.—"Morrow, Mr. Wilson," he replied.—"What makes you down here so early?"—"To get wather for the masther."—"And what brings the horse?"—"Bekase he's in a hurry."—"Oh! I suppose he's anxious to get his breakfast to be early at the fair, like me."—"By my sowkins, it is nat then," says Paddy, with the eagerness of one who will have his story out; "'tis my heart is brak with him, he's so *onregular*. Do you see this tay-kittle?" he said, holding out the vessel.—"I do."—"Troth then, my masther and two other gentlemen are drinking this way all night, and this is the *one and twentieth* kittle of wather I brought them to make into punch since sunset."—"And the horse, Paddy?"—"I kept him saddled in the stable; shure it is'nt journeying on fut so often I'd be. Wisha the dear knows I wish they'd lave off their drinking, and go to their beds." I told Paddy to give my compliments, it was high time, and trotted off.

A shout of laughter at the excessive potations followed. "He was indeed a trusty servant," said the Squire; "I will never meet his equal in this world—an honest, open-hearted fellow as ever drew the breath of life."

"He was a capital horseman," observed one of the party.

"Horseman!" repeated the Squire, "by Jove you may well say that. It is now fourteen years come next St. Stephen's day, that I laid a bet of one hundred guineas with Rowland Moore, to produce a horse and horseman on the Friday following to beat every Member of the Union Hunt. Richard M'Carthy took half my bet, to take the pride out of the city bloods; and when I went home, I told Paddy to put some hard meat on young Croptail's back, for he had a hard day's work before him."

"By my word, that's nothing new to Croptail," says Paddy, in his own dry way.

Well, Sirs, (continued the Squire,) the appointed day arrived. Pad took a good stiffner that morning, and to my surprise when breakfast was over, I went into the stable yard to mount, and there was Croptail, looking as if he had'nt been groomed for a month of Sundays, caparisoned with an old saddle and watering bridle, and my gay Paddy on his back, with an old stable dress on him: a suggaun (straw rope) tied round his waist; a handkerchief fastening on his caubeen (old hat), a pair of rusty spurs strapped over his shoes, and a little switch, completed his respectable equipment.

"You scoundrel!" I exclaimed in a passion, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Arrah of phat, master jewel!" said the imperturbable Paddy.

"Why you hang-gallows villuin! where's your new saddle and bridle, and your scarlet coat, breeches, and top-boots? Do you want to disgrace me, you ruffian?"

"Disgrace your honor!" he replied; "och no! that's the laste of my thoughts. I that am aiting your bread since you were born, and that of your father before you, an now goin to peril neck an limb for you, an why not? I tell you what it is, masther," he said confidentially, "you have money on me to-day, have'nt you?"

"More than it would be convenient for me to pay at present, Paddy."

"Then you wont find fault with me if I win it for you."

"No, but be ever obliged to you, my old boy."

"'Tis you, I believe," he continued; "then listen. I am resolved to make money for you my own way; and if you don't allow me, you must get some one else to ride Croptail, that's all."

"But I cannot permit you to appear at the Hunt with that soiled dress; put on your whipper's suit, and look like a Christian."

"An then to ride Croptail in an ould saddle an bridle, for the tree of the new one galls his shoulder! Oh masther, shure you know that would not consist. No, no! I go as I am, or not at all, that's the upshot of the matter."

I knew I might as well go whistle jigs to a milestone as try to reason Paddy out of any freak that came into his fanciful head; and as I had no one else who could manage the horse in the same style, we proceeded to our destined covert.

Never before had I beheld the Members of the Union Hunt assembled in such force: all who could boast a first-rate goer were I believe collected, and bitterly did I repent my foolish bet. As I passed down the line of thorough-bred racing hunters, and beheld the fearful array of blood, bone, and sinew congregated, I and my forlorn equerry were subjected to many a sporting jest. "Have you a cart to take that garron to the hounds?" roared one. "How are you off for girths?" cried another; "suggauns I hope."—"Will you be here when you come back?" suggested a third.—"How long are you from aboard ship?" inquired a fourth; in short, it was an hour of mirth to them, and pain to me, while we lingered by the covert side, which the hounds were drawing within.

Meanwhile who should ride up but Richard M'Carthy. "Well, Donelly, do we fob the cash to-day?" he gaily uttered. My heart smote me as I returned, "I hope so."—"Where's your horse? let me see this boasted quadruped of yours."—Not daring to trust my voice, I silently pointed to his view my no way prepossessing Croptail, wistfully looking over a wall into a hay-yard, on the top of which stood his accomplished rider, anxiously surveying the country which for miles round was spread to his sight.—"Why, bless my soul, Donelly! you surely don't mean to say that is the horse on which our money depends."—"It is indeed," I answered.—"Come, come, you joke; why as I came through the town I could have plucked a better nag from the door of a *shebeen* house."—"He is better than he looks," said I, attempting something like a defence.—"D—n his looks! our affair begins to look blue enough I'm thinking. I say, Donelly, you must lend me the fifty if we lose to-day."—"My dear friend," I replied, "I was thinking of making the same application to you, for I really am deucedly hard up for cash this moment after paying some rent."—"I! by Jove!" he said, "I have'nt a farthing—we must give a bill I suppose; I can draw on you, and you on me—but hush, they're *chopping* on something, let us move towards the hounds."

A loud shout in the direction of Paddy now caused us to turn, and away at the far end of the covert was a gallant fox breaking in sporting style, closely pursued by the excited pack. The horsemen, not having gone through the dense wood, were below where we were, and now, with speed shaking the very ground, were racing toward us. Paddy, the undaunted Paddy, hardly removed from his post on the wall, where in his own mind he had been marking out his ground for the day, until the foremost of his dreaded opponents was in the act of charging it. The splendid animal he rode refused it, and ére he was ready to bring him round again, Paddy was seated in his saddle. "Follow the lader, Sir," says he, in his most cutting tone. He shook his switch over the ears of Croptail, turned him short at five feet of stone and mortar, threw in the spur, and let him go; he flew at it like a bird, cleared it at a bound, and in a second Paddy was cheering on the hounds after the fox, with not a soul riding with him. "By the powers! that bates Banagher," said one to another. The Union wished for a repeal of the bet, and faith they had reason.

That day was the longest hunt I ever remember. We crossed uninterruptedly from parish to parish, from mountain to mountain, from river to river. The fox broke at half-past eleven, and three o'clock beheld us going, not so fast, but as wickedly determined as ever. I never saw such riding. If the gate was not open, it was but dash at the stile, and neither coped walls nor griped ditches proved the least obstacle. Many a gay rider had already taken his measure on his mother earth, and many a noble steed sorely distressed.

The favorites were Croptail and a noted steeple chase horse called Olympus, and the setting sun beheld them at determined rivalry. Closely pressing on the hounds, they were up, on, and off their fences together. A sulkiness or habit of baulking at some of the jumps gave my sure horse much the advantage of his opponent, but Olympus was much fleeter, and thus made up for lost time.

Many horsemen now pulled off from inability to continue, and the shades of evening were hovering thick around, when the good horse which had carried me so well that arduous day manifested symptoms of fatigue. As I knew the affair was in good hands, I pulled up at the top of a hill, and beheld the Members of the Hunt, now reduced to four or five, emerge from the gloom of the valley, and toil up the opposite side. I caught a glimpse of Reynard crossing the brow, and from his prostrate gait it was evident he had not long to live (he was the third fresh fox found since morning, though none were killed). Then rushed in a body the thinned pack, and then spurring their "jaded Pegasus" apace came two horsemen—one it was easy to recognise; the jockey-seat, the ragged dress told the foremost was Paddy O'Carrol Oge; while the other was Mr. B—— on Olympus: the rest had not passed the glen.

It is a quiet, yet melancholy sensation, to hear the cry of hounds in the dusk of evening growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and leaving you alone upon a wild bleak hill; and so I felt as I turned my back in the direction of home, the blue mass of mountains in the horizon being my guide, though mere outlines in the murky sky. It was midnight when I reached home, and morning ere Paddy made his successful *entree*.

I remember, for I was lying awake in bed, hearing a view-halloo given by some one outside, and presently I observed the door open, and one of the servants admitting a man; then came boisterous steps on the stairs, and a rush at the door as if to throw it off the hinges; it yielded to the force, and flew open, and disclosed Paddy, gloriously drunk, flourishing for the bare life the brush of the fox.

"Forward, my honies! hark forward!" he roared at the highest pitch of his voice. "Arrah, phat did I tell you, masther dear?" he continued, slashing the brush; "go for your money, I tell you—go for your money," and he leant against the door from exhaustion and ebriety.

"Well done, Paddy! I would'nt doubt you; go to bed now, and we'll talk it all over after breakfast."—"Go to bed is it," said he, "without seeing Croptail made up, the horse that carried me so well, the best horse in Ireland, by Jaburs! I'll see—him—bedded-down;" and suiting the action to the word, he laid down, and fell fast asleep. I called in two or three of the men, and they carried in triumph the exulting Paddy to his roost.

After breakfast the gay Whipper, having slept off his drink, appeared as brisk as a lark, and as steady as Sir Andrew Agnew would have men on Sunday. I went to hear an account of the termination of the sport, which was not for a good hour after I had parted them.

"By the powers, Sir!" commenced Pad, "ov all the days I ever seen, yesterday bates my acquaintance: it was an awful hunt; I thought there would never be an end to it. You left us when the sun was going down, an we crossing the high hill of Knock-na-Copple, an where should the thief of a fox face for but the earths of Dunmahon, cross the river Funcheon. Oh! but 'twas I that knew every inch of the way, and dashed through the ford ablow Glanworth, having the hunt to myself, with sorra one of the hounds but three couple hunting; and in good style they did; for the fox was glad to make a traverse, and shape his course to Moor Park for shelter. To Moor Park we went, and just at the side of the river, who should join us agin, with two couples more of the hounds, but that young gentleman ridin the bay horse, Mr. Lumpus I think they call him: 'Crack on him, my darlings!' he cried, putting them on the trail, and cracking his whip. I was afeard they would head the fox. 'Oh fie, Sir! you're not ridin fair at me,' I said; 'why did you not cross the river to Dunmahon, instead of making this short cut?'—'To tell the truth, my man,' he said quite friendly, 'I was so sure you had taken leave of me, that I was making the best of my way home.'—'You must do my masther justice on the bet though.'—'By Jove!' says he, 'your master may be proud of you, for you won the money fairly.'—'Much obliged to your honor,' says I; and we continued as before.—It was now getting quite dark, and we could barely see the tops of the ditches, looking dusky and black, in our rapid course. Once or twice at some big leaps, where I could not choose my ground, I thought I would have fallen; but the little horse had a leg to spare every time, and never made a mistake. At length by the loud yelping of the hounds I knew they had a view, and came up with them in a large glen near Downing Bridge: here the fox tried to jump the wall, and get into the Moor Park estate, but his strength failed, and the hounds hemmed him in; he was down in a moment, and all at him at once. I did my best to save him, but he was torn; so I whipt off the brush, to add to Croptail's honors. Just then Mr. Lumpus made his appearance, and seeing the termination of the sport, put his hand in his pocket, and gave me a crown. As we were ridin down he began praising the horse, saying he never saw such a leaper. 'Fait you may say that, Sir,' I replied. We were by this time on the bridge; the height above the clear wather and green meadows underneath is about fifteen feet. As we rode over, Croptail cast a wistful look on the running stream. 'We may as well wet the horses' lips,' said the gentleman.—'Here goes then,' says I, turning my horse at the battlement. He only wanted to see it, and sailed over, landing stout on his legs in the field beneath!—'Well rode! well rode!' cried the delighted gentleman; 'by Jove, Donelly, I give you the brush after that.'—I quietly gave Croptail some water, and joined the other, who went to the slip, as if I did nothing extraordinary at all, at all. Coming along, the Hurlers lay open, and I stopped to give my good horse a warm drink."

"And take a drop yourself, Paddy," I said.

"Wisha, I suppose that same couldn't pass me," he answered; "so you mustn't blame me this time."

"Indeed I do not," I said; "you required something after so much exertion, and a little overcomes."

I received in the course of the day my moiety of the bet in the shape of a fifty pound note, and an offer of one hundred for my horse, which I refused. This was the greatest feat of Paddy's life, and the successful end of one of the longest hunts in Munster.

We all expressed our thanks to the Squire for his narrative. Others succeeded, songs, in the words of Wamba, "not ill sung;" and in every pause between, drinking healths ensued. "Now came the sweet hour i' the night," when balmy sleep seals up the eyes of men, and as the mirth was growing fast and furious, I slipt out, and about the chimes of midnight, or a trifle later, found my way to my dormitory, to dream of the wonderful feats and untimely end of

THE WHIPPER-IN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1836.

## HELEN JEWETT IN LONDON.

THE BEAUTIFUL INCOGNITA.

What beautiful forms occasionally pass us in the streets, faces that haunt our thoughts for days, but are never seen again, shooting by us in their brightness sudden as a fallen star, we just catch a glance of its trailing light—a long waving ringlet, and it darts into some doorway ushered in by hard knocks, or vanishes into the dark portals of a carriage. What conjectures we sometimes form as we walk behind a graceful woman, who moves on in all the majesty of a Juno, or sweeps the pavement like a Nymph gliding along with noiseless footsteps, as if pacing the clouds. Then to see one, apparently lost in the streets, yet too modest to inquire her way, shunning the gaze of passengers with averted head, yet seeming anxious to find some honest face to which she dare risk inquiry. Such a one passed the other day in Oxford street, there was something foreign in her features, her beautiful face was tinged with the sunny hues of Italy; it brought up images "of the land of the rose and the myrtle," of gondolas and guitars; such forms as Praxiteles has rendered immortal; her ringlets reminded you of the vineyard, of tendrils waving in the rich breath of Zephyr; there was music and song in her motion. Her eyes too were "dark with excessive bright," and her long hair fell in luxuriant curls down her graceful neck; there was also a peculiar lightness in her step, an elasticity like the springing of a wild deer, conjuring up dances that you have dreamed of in marble halls, among perfumed lamps and open lattices.

"The mind the music breathing from her face,
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

But there was something apparently abstracted in her look; for a moment her eyes swept the long range of carriages, as though she had missed her own. Several young gallants also dared to upraise sundry glasses to their eyes, like astronomers who have discovered some new wonder in the heavens, but she frowned not at their insolence. No; her face would have stood the scrutiny of Kings and Princes, and only smiled, as she did then, upon their insulting curiosity. For a moment she stood near the edge of the pavement, and looked down Regent st., but no carriage appeared to take her up; still she was not offended, but placed a white-kid-covered finger on her thin lips. She seemed like Patience on a monument smiling to herself, or like Ellen Tree in the *Jewess*, just wakening to a consciousness of Ruben's absence. At length she walked down the street with a rapid step, until all on a sudden her ears were arrested by the sound of a guitar, and a young Italian singing; how her eyes brightened at the sight, perchance that sound reminded her of her lovely home by the Lake of Como; she seemed entranced, and but for the beating of time to the music by her small feet, you might have taken her for a statue.

"With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art."

She soon attracted more attention than the musician, and one youth so far forgot

himself as to point to her foot; but she gave the poor singer something wrapt up in paper. It could not be less than a crown, no—a penny forsooth!—fingers like her's were formed alone to touch gold and silver—not vile copper, which but a moment before the street sweeper might have converted into a bun at the confectioner's which she had entered. True, there might be something not quite in unison with the *bon ton*, in her beating time to the music, but then I thought of the airs of her beloved Italy, how beauty and enthusiasm are blended in the bosoms of those born under sunny skies, and these thoughts increased my interest for the lovely stranger, although others had smiled at this negligence.

She moved along in all her natural gracefulness, occasionally exchanging a smile with mustachioed-nonpareils, but these of course were Earls or Marquesses, whom she had met at Almack's, or the opera, or the Levee. For one so nobly formed would not deign to arch the ivory of her neck to anything beneath these. I followed her footsteps, determined that if any insult was offered to one so lovely, I would resent it. For she might be a princess, a foreigner, and while dreaming of her native land, had forgotten the precise spot where she left her carriage, for she still continued to glance upon those that thundered past. At length her sandal became unloosed, and proved an impediment to her walking. I looked round but no footman appeared; her pace became slower; she kept nearer to the shop-windows, but never offered to enter; and the long satin riband, "like a wounded snake, drew its slow length along." I felt in torture, for many an eye was drawn downward to view her disaster, but not one was gallant enough to kneel and remove it. She paused by the corner of a palisade. She looked at her foot, then around; there were but few passing; and, like Raleigh of old, when he threw down his rich cloak at the feet of his maiden Queen, so I rushed forward, and planting one knee upon the pavement, with all the grace I possessed, I looked into her face and said, "allow me, fair lady." She made no answer, but smiled, and extended her fairy foot, and I soon twined the envious string around her small ancle. Another smile, and she was gone. I still remained kneeling, and caught another glance at her feet in the distance. I could have sworn to them among a thousand. She had exchanged a nod with a red-faced old gentleman, who had witnessed my gallantry, and looked on me as I knelt, with a very peculiar expression. I rose and watched his glance narrowly; it came from the corner of his eye, there was a mixture of roguish knowingness in it, a kind of secret triumph, and just as he passed me with averted head, and the same queer look, his eye caught a glance at certain particles of dirt imprinted on my knee; and the ruddy old wretch gave a loud ah! ah! ah! which was re-echoed by a host of "jarvies" from the coach-stand. But England is proverbial for its rudeness: had I done such a thing in the gardens of Paris, I should have been rewarded with glances from an hundred bright eyes. I minded not their laughter; I bore the badge of servitude upon my knee as proudly as Sir Walter bore the print of the queenly footsteps upon his cloak. I would not have rubbed it off for a kingdom. Then her eyes, the associations of Italy; her dignity, the missing of her liveried servants, the emblazonry of her carriage, her enthusiasm at sight of the poor minstrel with his guitar. I walked along in the halo of a sonnet, illuminated by her beauty, for I had knelt at her feet, where princes might feel honored in being allowed to prostrate themselves. I walked along, she again passed me; I felt ashamed, the color mounted my forehead, she turned as if to speak; there was a divinity in her countenance. I held down my head, I dared not look on her. She paused, I felt dizzy; perhaps she intended to acquaint me with the loss of her carriage; wished me to escort her home; to take her arm; to walk by her side, to hear her speak. Regent street seemed to reel. I came in contact with a porter, his burthen hit my head; it awoke me to a consciousness of my situation. I ventured to look after her, she was several yards from me. I saw her feet, they had resumed their former elasticity, no sandal was unbound: oh that she had dropped a pin, her glove, her parasol, her boa, anything to have left me another chance to have accosted her. Alas, she went on, she turned to look at me again. Generous Italian! enthusiastic Princess! I had done her a slight service; she came from a sunny land, not from the frigid north; she could not forget it. She was "a beauty and a mystery," and I followed her without knowing why. Poetry or romance, or madness, had spell-bound me. She seemed alone, though in London.

At length the sky grew black, and a few drops fell upon the pavement. I watched her narrowly; she put up her beautiful parasol, its rich greenness added to her loveliness; she seemed like a rose under an arbour of woodbine. She paused, lifted her sublime eyes to the sky. The rain increased, she looked in vain for her carriage. She now stood at the corner of a street, a hackney-coachman caught her eye, and alighted from his box. I was not near enough to hear their conversation, and they entered—

There are places called "gin places"—temples dedicated to juniper—this was one of them!

The villain doubtless had informed her that it was some hotel, and persuaded her to wait there until he got his coach in readiness, and she, a beautiful foreigner, knew but little of English manners, perhaps could not speak the language perfectly, she might be imposed upon, be driven to a wrong place. No, I would not allow it, and entered the gin-shop just in time to......

The beautiful Incognita was raising to her lips—just lifting—to those lips—

No, if I were to be put to the torture, I could not write another syllable.

## THE CIGAR!

A SCENE AT OXFORD.

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the Tar's labor and the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand,
Divine in Hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress,
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar."
LORD BYRON.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am only acquainted with one article which, when really good, requires puffing, and I grieve to say that such an inveterate and undeserved prejudice exists among the elder branches of society against it, as in a great measure to destroy its enjoyment. I am sure your worthy friend Mr. Jorrocks will agree with me that there are few things more agreeable, or more consonant to the feelings of a thorough sportsman, than the flavor of a good cigar; and I really think that many an old governor would change his ideas on the subject, if he could form any idea of the indescribable gratification it produces.

It was a fine cold morning in November when a two-horse coach, on which I was wending my weary way, stopped at a gentleman's house to pick up a friend of mine who had agreed to revisit with me, for a short time, our old haunts at Oxford. I was on the box, and there being only one other place vacant, poor Puff was forced to squeeze himself in, on the seat immediately behind me.

On turning to survey his situation, I found my unfortunate ally wedged in between a huge individual in a blue cloak (who apparently was one of the breed usually denominated bagmen) and a sedate-looking, fat old lady, while a pretty looking spicy little damsel, who was displaying rather more than necessary of a neat foot and ancle over the side of the coach, was evidently desirous of changing places with her. "Have you any objection to the smell of a cigar, madam?" said poor Puff, turning to the old lady.—"No sir, none," was the answer.—"Oh, I do love smoking," laughed her little black-eyed neighbor. "If you have the slightest objection to the smell, ma'am, I shall be delighted to change places with you." "I do not doubt it," was the cross reply. The capacious case was now produced, and a lovely, tight-folded, taper cigar, selected and lighted, when all his hopes were blasted, by the old wretch in the cloak exclaiming—"Coachman, if this cigar is not immediately extinguished, I shall report you to your master; it is a positive tempting of Providence; I hear the Liverpool mail was nearly burnt down the other night owing to the vile habit."

Putting up with the disappointment as best he could, we arrived at the Star Hotel, Oxford, and after dinner we proceeded to the rooms of a mutual acquaintance, who had lodgings in High street. What a scene was there! He had that day been up for his examination for the degrees of B.A. and every corner of the room was filled with books. Here was an Euclid with half a cigar for a mark. The leaves of an Herodotus were pressed down by the tube of a meerschaum, while the bowl was converted into an inkstand. It was plain enough what had supported him through his trials. But he was not yet quite at ease, for his testamur had not arrived, so Puff and I started to obtain it.

If any body has ever seen the quadrangle of the splendid building denominated the Schools, at such a time, he never could forget the scene that met his eye. In every face you see different grades of anxiety depicted, and a busy hum of voices is heard around, from which you may select specimens of all the different classes of men who figure at the University.—Here is a Bachelor strutting in conscious superiority, and smiling at the anxiety of his friends. There a poor devil conspicuous by his white tie, who has just been dismissed, and is not certain of success; while another is counting and re-counting the printed list upon the door, to see if he has any chance of being up to-morrow. Look at that pale, thin, lank-haired individual who is studying the class list in the corner. He is a commoner of Oriel, standing for a mathematical first, and the gentlemanly looking man, observing him with astonishment, is a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, who does not intend to take a degree at all. Here and there you may observe one of those portly, well-fed, self-important personages, so well denominated 'Dons.' You hear detached sentences—such as—Well, how have you done? But what questions were you asked? Oh, you are all right! While on the other side—What sport to-day at Tew? Do you go to Bicester-windmill to-morrow?

At last the papers came out, the one we wanted was there, and we rushed with it to H——'s rooms, expecting him to receive us with uproarious joy. But no such thing. He quietly sunk into an easy chair, drew a cigar from his case, and coolly twisting up the long wished for paper to light it with, exclaimed, "Thank God, I can now smoke in comfort!"

Discussing our future plans over a jug of mulled claret, we determined on joining Drake's hounds at Bicester-windmill on the following day, and having ordered horses from Quartermaine, we concluded the evening with a cup of coffee and a veritable Hudson, the everlasting concomitants of Oxonian hospitality. The next morning was lovely, and so were the chocolate and broiled kidneys round which a jolly party assembled at breakfast.

Surplice prayers in Christ Church made us rather late, but Oxford posters certainly eclipse all others, and we reached Bicester in fifty minutes, perfuming the air with cigars as we dashed along (which may perhaps account for the speed of the horses, who doubtless thought the devil was behind them.) We passed all kinds of vehicles; the badly matched and worse driven tandem, the neat buggy, the dashing barouche and four; while the far-famed Oxford hacks kept up their credit for going the pace. The hounds had already proceeded to Gravehill-wood, whither we followed them. Oh, what a view is there! over as fine a tract of grass country as a man need wish for, and a beauteous brook running apparently all round the hill on which we were standing. And then the variety of characters around! The old sportsmen of Drake's hunt, and the young sportsmen of the University, with their almost invariable cigars. Look at that jolly, little, good-humored looking man, with the small round rosy face, who is smoking with so much *gout*; it is little —— of Christ Church, the small scion of a noble house, the son of one of the oldest smokers in the kingdom. I would wager my existence his weed is a good one. And that handsome fellow on the brown thorough-bred mare is evidently looking for a ford in the brook below. Pray observe that yellow looking individual on the black, sitting like a pair of tongs astride on the poker, he must be a freshman, clasping his weed in his fist like the handle of a hunting-whip, and removing it to and from his mouth between every puff, like the pendulum of a time piece.

"Surely there is death on the pale horse," said Puff, pointing out a queer, long, sallow man in a faded pink, mounted on a leggy grey nag. "Oh that is G—— of Oriel, one of the most inveterate smokers in the University; but by all that is wonderful he has got no cigar, see how melancholy he looks." At that moment we observed a person on foot pick up a leather case apparently intended for the interior of a hat, and which seemed capable of containing three dozen cigars. It was G——'s, which he had dropped, and it was amusing to see the delight with which he claimed it. The vacuum in his mouth was immediately supplied, and the instantaneous change in his countenance was miraculous; with the first puff a sparkle of red appeared at the tip of his nose, and by degrees the rubicund color pervaded his whole phiz, his eyes lighted up, and "Richard was himself again."

"Hark! what was that?" as a faint whimper was heard in the cover, every voice was hushed, and even cigars had a moment's rest. That is the time to study attitudes. "They talk of Venus and Apollo, but what can equal that," said Puff, pointing out a man not far off standing to the utmost stretch in his stirrups, his head slightly on one side, and his right hand extended with a cigar neatly held between the first and second fingers, the thumb pointed backwards and the rest of the hand closed "Tally-ho!" shouts some one rather more advanced than the rest, and the merry music of the pack confirms it—away fly cigars, and mine among the rest, as soon as ever the hounds had settled to the scent—away! away! But look at our friend on the grey, alternately casting his eye on his newly lighted weed, and from that to the neighboring brook; his steed is a bad one at water, and he seems debating the propriety of throwing away the comforter. The cigar has it, and off he goes best pace with it in his mouth. Many were the purls at the first fence, and many a pink changed its color in the brook that day. Just as I cleared it I saw a round object bearing a strong resemblance to a human head, emerging from the surface of the water in the very centre of the brook, and a tiny column of smoke curling gently above it. "What a mercy I preserved my light," muttered the head as I skimmed over like a swallow on a summer's eve. It was the owner of the gallant grey—he could not swim and dare not stir,—we saw no more of him. We had a glorious run, and killed our fox, and Tom Wingfield grinned as I handed him "a cigar."

Yours truly, CHEROOT.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April, 1836.

## TO ELLEN TREE IN "ION."

In woman's garb, howe'er you're dressed—
In man's, whate'er you try on—
Oh! Ellen, you look *always* best—
And so you do in *Ion*.

To wear the male suit is, I know,
A thing that some cry fie on!
But foolish folks like these should go
To see you play in *Ion*.

In comic or in tragic parts
You still look chaste as Dian,
But Ellen! *you* hunt hearts (not harts),
Yes, though you're dressed for *Ion*.

Your lovers, lady, still must sue,
Must still adore and sigh on,
Although perplexed to see in you
The gentle Greek youth *Ion*.

Oh! could I write his praise and thine
In Greek as good as Bion's,
I'd dedicate a lasting line
To link your fame with *Ion's*.

I like your acting in *Pauline*,
A theme I oft shall cry on;
I love you in the *Youthful Queen*—
But *don't* I love your *Ion*!

Your *Wife* (she *is* so like my own,)
Was quite a lovely lion;
But never love like that was known,
Which binds my heart to *Ion*.

Your *Viola* was sweetly pure,
A point one need not lie on;
But yet methinks—I'm not quite sure—
Your leg looked best in *Ion*.

*Your* brow, and fair *Clemanthe's* brow,
I here one chaplet tie on;
Yes, you're *Clemanthe's* self, for now
You're married fast to *Ion*.

"*United* States!" ah me, that word
A rock has thrown me nigh on;
You will not go—the tale's absurd—
What will become of *Ion*!

If I were Sergeant Talfourd—*if!*
While ocean waves you fly on,
I'd sing on Albion's highest cliff
An *Io* unto *Ion*.

You'll charm, along your watery way,
The dolphins, like Arion—
I'm sure you will, if you but play
The charming part of *Ion*.

But if you go—a subject this
My eyes will not be dry on—
I wish you years of fame and bliss,
A long, long age of *Ion*.

Yes, fame is yours! for if she cast
Her wreaths, we know not why, on
Some ladies' heads, 'tis *you* at last
She'll fondly fix her *eye on*.

No wonder you're called Ellen *Tree*,
(Some truth the jest you'll spy on,)
Since you are *covered*, as we see,
With *laurels*, gained in *Ion*.

## "THE EXPIRING FROG."

"Person's a waitin'," said Sam epigrammatically.—"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.—"He wants you partickler, and no one else'll do, as the Devil's private secretary said, ven he fetched avay Dr. Faustus," replied Sam.—"*He*, is it a gentleman?" said Mr. Pickwick.—"A very good imitation o' one, if it ain't," replied Sam.—"But this is a lady's card," said Mr. Pickwick.—"Given me by a gen'lman, hows'ever," replied Sam, "and he's a waitin' in the drawin' room—said he'd rather wait all day than not see you."—Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said, with an air of profound respect, "Mr. Pickwick, I presume?"—"The same."—"Allow me, Sir, the honor of grasping your hand—permit me, Sir, to shake it," said the grave man.—"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.—The stranger shook the extended hand, and then continued—"We have heard of your fame, Sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ear of Mrs. Leo Hunter, my wife, Sir; *I* am *Mr.* Leo Hunter."—The stranger paused, as if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded.—"My wife, Sir, Mrs. Leo Hunter, is proud to number among her acquaintance, all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, Sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list, the name of Mr. Pickwick, and the brother members of his club that derives its name from him."—"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, Sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.—"You *shall* make it, Sir," said the grave man. "To-morrow morning, Sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champêtre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."—"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.—"You have a gentleman in your train, who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, Sir."—"My friend, Mr. Snodgrass, has a great taste for poetry," replied Mr. Pickwick.—"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, Sir. She dotes on poetry, Sir. She adores it; I may say that her soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself. You may have met with her 'Ode to an expiring Frog,' Sir."—"I can't think I have," said Mr. Pickwick.—"You astonish me, Sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter. "It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L.' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a Lady's Magazine. It commenced—

'Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I, unmoved, see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!'"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.—"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "so simple."—"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.—"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"—"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.—"It runs thus," said the grave man, still more gravely.

"'Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo, and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog!'"

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.—"All point, Sir, all point," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. She can do justice to it. She will repeat it in character, Sir, to-morrow morning."

The Pickwick Club.

## APPALLING NARRATIVE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

*Gentlemen*,—As many misrepresentations have been made concerning the burning of the lighthouse at Cape Florida, the undersigned feels it his duty to state facts; it would have been published at Key West, but at the time I left, no paper was printed at that place. Respectfully, yours,

JOHN W. B. THOMPSON.

On the 23d July last, about 4 P. M., as I was going from the kitchen to the dwelling-house, I discovered a large body of Indians within twenty yards of me, back of the kitchen; I ran for the light-house, and called out to the old negro man that was with me to run, for the Indians were near; at that moment they discharged a volley of rifle balls, which cut my clothes and hat, and perforated the door in many places. We got in, and as I was turning the key, the savages had hold of the door. I stationed the negro at the door, with orders to let me know if they attempted to break in; I then took my three muskets, which were loaded with ball and buckshot, and went to the second window; seeing a large body of them opposite the dwelling-house, I discharged my muskets in succession amongst them, which put them in some confusion; they then, for the second time, began their horrid yells, and in a minute no sash or glass was left in that window, for they vented their rage at that spot. I fired at them from some of the other windows, and from the top of the house; in fact, I fired whenever I could get an Indian for a mark. I kept them from the house until dark.

They then poured in a heavy fire at all the windows and lantern; that was the time they set fire to the door and window even with the ground; the window was boarded up with plank and filled up with stones inside; but the flames spread fast, being fed with yellow pine wood. Their balls had perforated the tin tanks of oil, consisting of 225 gallons; my bedding, clothing, and in fact every thing I had was soaked in oil. I stopped at the door until driven away by the flames. I then took a keg of gunpowder, my balls, and one musket, to the top of the house, then went below, and began to cut away the stairs about half way up from the bottom; I had difficulty in getting the old negro man up the space I had already cut, but the flames now drove me from my labor, and I retreated to the top of the house. I covered over the scuttle that leads to the lantern, which kept the fire from me for some time; at last the awful moment arrived, the cracking flames burst around me, the savages at the same time began their hellish yells, my poor old negro looked up to me with tears in his eyes, but could not speak; we went out of the lantern, and laid down on the edge of the platform, two feet wide; the lantern now was full of flame, the lamps and glasses bursting and flying in all directions, my clothes on fire, and to move from the place where I was would be instant death from their rifles. My flesh was roasting, and to put an end to my horrible suffering, I got up, threw the keg of gunpowder down the scuttle, instantly it exploded, and shook the tower from the top to the bottom; it had not the desired effect of blowing me to eternity, but it threw down the stairs and all the wooden work near the top of the house; it damped the fire for a moment, but it soon blazed as fierce as ever: the negro man said he was wounded, which was the last word he spoke.

By this time I had received some wounds myself; and finding no chance for my life, for I was roasting alive, I took the determination to jump off. I got up, went outside the iron railing, recommending my soul to God, and was on the point of going head foremost on the rocks below, when something dictated to me to return and lay down again; I did so, and in two minutes the fire fell to the bottom of the house. It is a remarkable circumstance that not one ball struck me when I stood up outside of the railing, although they were flying all around me like hail stones. I found the old negro man dead, being shot in several places, and literally roasted. A few minutes after the fire fell, a stiff breeze sprung up from the southward, which was a great blessing to me. I had to lay where I was, for I could not walk, having received six rifle balls, three in each foot. The Indians, thinking me dead, left the light-house, and set fire to the dwelling-house, kitchen, and other out-houses, and began to carry their plunder to the beach; they took all the empty barrels, the drawers of the bureaus, and in fact every thing that would act as a vessel to hold anything; my provisions were in the light-house, except a barrel of flour which they carried off. The next morning they hauled out of the light-house, by means of a pole, the tin that composed the oil tanks, no doubt to make grates to manufacture the coonty root into what we call arrow root. After loading my little sloop, about ten or twelve went into her; the rest took to the beach to meet at the other end of the Island. This happened, as I judged, about 10 A. M. My eyes being much affected, prevented me from knowing their actual force, but I judge there were from forty to fifty, perhaps more. I was now almost as bad off as before; a burning fever on me, my feet shot to pieces, no clothes to cover me, nothing to eat or drink, a hot sun over head, a dead man by my side, no friend near, or any to expect, and placed seventy or eighty feet from the earth, and no chance of getting down, my situation was truly horrible; about 12 o'clock I thought I could perceive a vessel not far off; I took a piece of the old negro's trowsers that had escaped the flames by being wet with blood, and made a signal.

Some time in the afternoon I saw two boats with my sloop in tow coming to the landing. I had no doubt but they were Indians, having seen my signal, and had returned to finish their murderous design; but it proved to be boats of the United States schooner Motto, Capt. Armstrong, with a detachment of seamen and marines, under the command of Lieutenant Lloyd, of the sloop of war Concord. They had retaken my sloop after the Indians had stripped her of her sails and rigging, and every thing of consequence belonging to her. They informed me they heard my explosion twelve miles off, and ran down to my assistance, but did not expect to find me alive. Those gentlemen did all in their power to relieve me, but night coming on, they returned on board the Motto, after assuring me of their assistance in the morning.

Next morning, Monday, July 5, three boats landed, amongst them Capt. Cole, of the schooner Pee Dee, from New York. They had made a kite during the night to get a line to me, but without effect; they then fired twine from their muskets made fast to a ramrod, which I received, and hauled up a tail block, and made it fast round an iron stancheon, rove the twine through the block, and they below by that means rove a two inch rope, and hoisted up two men, who soon landed me on terra firma. I must state here that the Indians had made a ladder, by lashing pieces of wood across the lightning rod, near forty feet from the ground, as if to have my scalp, nolens volens. This happened on the 5th. After I got on board the Motto, every man, from the Captain to the cook, tried to alleviate my sufferings. On the 7th I was received in the Military Hospital, through the politeness of Lieutenant Alvord, of the 4th Regiment of United States Infantry; he has done every thing to render my situation as comfortable as possible.

I must not omit here to return my thanks to the citizens of Key West generally for their sympathy and kind offers of anything I would wish, that it was in their power to bestow. Before I left Key West two balls were extracted, and one remains in my right leg; but, since I am under the care of Dr. Ramsey, who has paid every attention to me, he will know best whether to extract it or not.

These lines are written to let my friends know that I am still in the land of the living, and am now in Charleston, S. C. where every attention is paid me. Although a cripple, I can eat my allowance, and walk about without the use of a cane. Respectfully yours, JOHN W. B. THOMPSON.

A GOOD SPECK.—A young lady in London, who was handsome, and had a fortune of twelve thousand pounds withal, while buying some small things from a shopkeeper with whom she had some trifling acquaintance, took a piece of Flanders lace, and out of mere gaiety and frolic, went hastily on without paying him for it. The shopkeeper, who had a good head for speculation, followed and seized her, and charged her with the theft, and in a serious and peremptory manner, said to her, "You must make your choice, either to go with me before a magistrate, and suffer the penalty of the law for stealing my lace, or go before a clergyman and marry me After a short pause, (and who could blame her?) she chose the latter."

# THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1836.

## LATE FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival, on Wednesday, of the packet ship *Roscoe*, Capt. Delano, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 25th Oct., we are in possession of London dates to the 24th, and Liverpool to the 25th, both inclusive.

The most interesting intelligence received by the Roscoe is that of Mr. Forrest's *complete success* on the time-honored boards of Drury Lane—a result we have all along predicted, and which realizes the most sanguine anticipations of his friends. He opened on the 17th ult., as *Spartacus*, in The Gladiator, which be repeated on the 19th, and was announced to appear as *Othello* on the 24th. His numerous friends at home, and the play-going public generally, express so much eagerness to learn the opinions of his English critics, that we feel no apology is necessary for the space occupied in the expression of their sentiments. Our selections are made from London journals of the highest character, several of which are rarely seen on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. George H. Hill, the comedian, was to appear at Drury Lane on the 26th, in a new farce written expressly for him by Bernard, in which Hill sustains the prominent character—a Yankee of course.

The excitement relative to De Beriot's sudden flight to Brussels after the demise of his wife, the lamented Malibran, has not yet fully subsided. De Beriot has written to the boroughreeve of Manchester, earnestly soliciting the removal of Madame de Beriot's remains; the request had not been complied with on the 23d of October, and there appears to be a strong repugnance to the desire of M. de Beriot, among all the inhabitants of Manchester.

Among the passengers by the Roscoe were Mrs. Tree, Miss Tree, and Miss Ellen Tree. Miss Ellen Tree is engaged at the Park, where she immediately makes her debut.

The English papers publish detailed accounts of the burning of the Bowery Theatre in this city. They state that Hamblin was sole proprietor, except to the amount of $6000 owned by Mr. Gouverneur, and that his loss was $70,000! Almost every account ends thus: "Mr. Hamblin has no doubt the building was set on fire."

Mrs. Maeder (late Miss Clara Fisher) is announced as having arrived in London, from America, where she has cleared $250,000!

It will be seen from our extracts, that an attempt has been made upon the life of Nicholas, the Czar of Russia. Really the potentates of the old world lead a pleasant life, we don't think.

A sister to Miss Penelope Smyth, now Princess of Capua, whose elopement a few months since created such a sensation, has been married recently to a Nobleman of Naples. The Misses Smyth were Irish ladies, and, like Lady Blessington and other celebrated belles, of Patlander extraction, are described as beautiful and accomplished to a degree.

Charles Kemble is playing Falconbridge to Macready's King John, and Othello to the latter's Iago, at the Covent Garden, now a half price theatre.

What additions can be made to the puns subjoined from Figaro in London? "Start your *stag* teams," gentlemen; you wouldn't be beat by a *yearling* John Bull or an *Ole* Bull, we trust:—

*Ole Bull.*—Mr. T. Cooke, who is an inveterate and hardened punster, in answer to a question where Mr. Ole Bull came from, said 'from *Cows*.' Punning, like mocking, is catching. 'Yes,' said our friend Parry; and when he was dining lately at *Ox*-ford, a cockney observed—'Did you *heifer* see a better *calver*.'

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The Derby for 1837 excites unusual attention; several betting men, attracted by the extent and character of the field, and the scarcity of public runners, have opened "five thousand pound books." At least forty horses have already been backed, and a great many others are in training, and likely to come into the market. At the latest dates, the weight of the betting was confined to Jereed, Bro. to Bay Middleton, Dervise's dam, Defender, Phantasima, Mango and Quicksilver, (Silvertail colt), the odds having been taken rather freely about each in the course of the week before the Roscoe sailed. We submit the prices of the few first favorites:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8 to 1 agst. | Jereed, | 12 to 1 agst. | Dervise's dam |
| 9 to 1 — | Bro. to Bay Middleton | 15 to 1 — | Phantasima |
| 5 to 1 — | Lord Exeter's lot | 20 to 1 — | Mango |
| 13 to 1 — | Defender | 30 to 1 — | Flare-up. |

Who has bought *Priam?* Come, gentlemen Yankees, don't hang fire, but out with it. Is he coming out to Mississippi, or South Carolina, or Old Virginia? Bell's Life in London of the 23d Oct. states that "It is understood that Priam is purchased for the Americans!" We hope and believe such is the fact, for aside from his own performances, and capital blood, his stock is showing to advantage on the English turf. Priam is by Emilius, and won the Derby in 1830.

P.S.—Since penning the paragraph above our letters have arrived from the packet, by one of which, from a distinguised American turfman now in England, we learn that *Priam* has been purchased by the Messrs. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va. The same enterprising gentlemen, (as will be seen in the letter alluded to, in another column), have also purchased Lord Chesterfield's *Glaucus*, by Partisan, half brother to *Venison*, who has been a winner twelve times since the Derby—also, h. br. to *Gladiator*, one of the best 3 yr. olds in England, and for many months first favourite for the last St. Leger—also, h. br. to *Cyprian*, the winner of the Oaks this year—h. br. also, to the Athenian, Alfred, Apollo, Hotspur, Tiber, Simia, Skilful, and half a dozen others now running with distinguished success. The intelligence of the purchase of these celebrated horses—which will be read with gratification by every one who feels an interest in the prosperity of the American Turf and the improvement of our blood stock—we have reason to believe is exclusively confined to this paper.

We have little room for reports of English races this week, though few have come off since the Doncaster meeting, at which any of the "cracks" of the day have shown. The Sporting Magazines for Nov. will give us the reports by "Alfred Highflyer."

A grand milling match came off on the 11th ult. for £50 a-side, between Bob Hampson and Bill Looney, which was decided in favor of the latter, after thirty-six rounds. The fight lasted an hour and a quarter, and the particulars in Bell's Life in London would fill a page in this paper.

John Theobald, Esq., of Stockwell, one of the most successful turfmen and breeders in England, (and a capital subscriber too, to the Spirit of the Times, among many others across the water,) is said by Bell's Life in London to have refused *Twelve Thousand Pounds* for *Camel* and *Rockingham*. He has recently disposed of *Mameluke*, at a thumping price, to Louis Phillippe, the King of France.

Mr. Stephenson has refused 1000 guineas for the hire of *Voltaire* to his Majesty's Stud for two years.

The most extraordinary shot we have lately read of is told in Bell's Life in London. A man named Sexars, who was employed by the farmers of Sunbury to frighten the birds from their respective crops of grain, actually killed, at one shot, with a single barrelled gun, (an old Queen's Arm) *one hundred and nine* sparrows.

The *elite* of the nobility and gentry of England attend the principal race meetings, and even the ladies have such a passion for the sports of the turf, (which are always chastened and enlivened by their presence), that not unfrequently they attend a race during weather that would in this country keep within doors any but an inveterate turfite. Among the throng of fashionables and dignitaries, at the late Newmarket October meeting, we find the following designated, many of whom, it will be seen, are ladies in the proudest and most exclusive circles of British society.

*Dukes* of Rutland and Grafton: *Lords* Exeter, Tavistock, Verulam, Jersey, Orford, Berners, Stradbroke, Lichfield, Suffield, Manners, C. Manners, G. Bentinck, Villiers, J. Fitzroy, Godolphin, Osborne, and W. Paulett; *Ladies* Tavistock, Lichfield, Suffield, Chesterfield, C. Paulett, Alice Peel, Agnes Byng, Wood, &c.; *Sirs* M. Wood, L. Glyn, J. Shelley, and C. Watson; Honorables G. Anson and Lady, and G. Byng; Colonel Peel; Messrs. Greville, C. Wilson, Poyntz, Irby, Worratt, Cromelin, Walker, Gardnor, Radcliffe, S. Stanley, Thornhill, jun., Newton, Baston, Sowerby, Hawker, Wagram, &c. &c.

Mr. Frederick Lumley, of Tickhill-castle, Yorkshire, has had a great price offered for *Langar* for the next season, which he has refused; and in future he will cover by subscription 40 mares at 25 guineas.

Mr. Bateman has purchased the following race-horses to go to Silesia:—*Rush*, *Sinbad*, *Rover*, *Thomasina*, and several brood mares. Rush was bred by Lord Sligo, won the Great Cup at Heaton Park last year, and is likely to turn out a very serviceable horse to his new master.

The weight of the caravan, with two "insides," *Elis* and *The Drummer*, was three tons and two hundred weight. An attempt was made a while since to get a hack into it; it succeeded; but once in, he took a vast deal of persuasion to get him out of it. As old Mr. Edwards observed, "there would be smashing work before they got *Bay Middleton* in."

After *The Glama's* match at Newmarket on Tuesday, three partridges were successively started on the course, and fairly run down by a numerous pack of biped and mounted sportsmen. The poor birds were too frightened to take wing.

The Performers at Drury Lane have presented Forrest with a magnificent snuff-box of tortoise shell, lined and mounted with gold, with a mosaic lid, bearing the following inscription:—

TO EDWIN FORREST, Esq., THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN;
Presented by the
PERFORMERS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
In Testimony of their Admiration of his Talent as an Actor,
And their Respect for Him as a Man.

*"His worth is warrant for his welcome hither."*—Shakspeare.
London, Oct. 17, 1836.

Unprecedented Challenge Against Time.—Mr. Cannon, of the White Hart, Maidenhead, will back a cart horse, late his property, now working in the dray of the present proprietor, Mr. Baker, brewer, of that place, to draw a carriage 200 miles in two days, for from 300*l.* to 500*l.*; and he will take a further bet of 300*l.* to 500*l.* that he accomplishes a further 100 miles on the third succeeding day. The horse is a chesnut, and may be seen as above-mentioned. The money is ready at the White Hart. Should the owner of Nonpareil be inclined to match her against him any distance exceeding 50 miles, he can be accommodated.

Extraordinary Performance.—On the 12th ult. a match came off between the Earl Kilmorey, Mr. Clive, of Stych Hall, and Mr. Broughton, of Tunstall Hall, for 50 sovs. a-side, on his Lordship's estate at Broomhall, near Nantwich, to bag 30 brace of partridges in 12 hours, to be walked up to without the aid of pointers. His Lordship performed the extraordinary task of bagging 30½ brace from half-past six in the morning to half-past five in the evening, with comparative ease, besides several brace which were killed, but not found.

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## LORD CHESTERFIELD'S STUD.

A draft from this extensive stud was sold on Monday, the 10th ult., at Tattersall's, as follows:—

| | Gs. |
|---|---|
| Bay yearling colt by Sir Benjamin, out of Miss Lydia | 61 |
| Bay yearling filly, by Sir Benjamin, out of Eliza Lud | 37 |
| Br. c. by Voltaire, out of Schedule, 3 yrs | 130 |
| Ginnums, 3 yrs. | 52 |
| B. c. 2 yrs. by Young Phantom, out of Babel | 25 |
| B. c. 2 yrs. by Shakspeare, out of Pheasant | 16½ |
| B. yearling colt by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Walton | 33 |
| Ch. c. by Priam, out of Alexis' dam, 2 yrs. | 40 |
| Ch. f by Dunsinane, 2 yrs. | 8½ |
| Maid of Melton, a well-bred hunter, covered by Zinganee | 26 |
| Ambiguity, by Election, out of Selim's dam | 33 |
| Malibran, by Ruben's dam, by Trumpator, covered by Priam | 33 |
| Dahlia, by Phantom, covered by Priam | 66 |
| Theresa Panza (Weeper's dam), covered by Priam | 90 |
| B. m. by Woful, out of Alegretta, covered by Priam | 34 |
| Lady Sarah, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth, cov. by Mulatto | 200 |
| Miss Craven's dam, by Soothsayer, covered by Velocipede | 56 |
| Miss Giles, by Lottery, out of Scroggins's d. 5 ys. cov. by Mulatto | 170 |
| Eliza Leeds (the dam of Eva, Erynnus, &c.), covered by Priam | 135 |
| Energy, sister to Velocipede, covered by Mulatto | 81 |
| B. m. by Lamplighter, out of Zillah, covered by Priam | 50 |
| Gallopade's dam, by Sorcerer, covered by Zinganee | 71 |
| Ch. m. by Zinganee, out of Octaviana, 3 yrs, covered by Vanish | 27 |
| Drab, by Reveller, out of Ambiguity, covered by Zinganee | 36 |
| Ch. g. by Emilius, out of Ambiguity, 3 yrs. | 32 |
| Mare by Partisan, out of Flounce, 3 yrs. covered by Priam | 64 |
| Gr. f. by Phantom, out of Mayflower, 3 yrs | 58 |
| B. c. by Priam, out of Miss Crachami | 28 |
| B. f. by Priam, out of Dahlia, 2 yrs. | 46 |
| Lustre, by Swiss, dam by Comus | 50 |
| Whimsical, by Blacklock, 5 yrs. | 61 |
| Mrs. Candour (a hack) | 35 |
| Conrad (a grey hack) | 50 |
| Tom Cringle, 96 gs.; Justice, a br. g. 76 gs.; Royal George, 33 gs. (hunters) | 206 |

Sir James Flower and Col. Peel have accepted the Stewardship of the Swaffham Races for next year.

A Lady's Stud.—The present complement of the stud belonging to the Russian Countess Orloff Tshesmensky is 1,320 Arab, English, and other racers; the grounds attached to it amount to 1,080 acres; and the number of grooms and laborers employed in it are 4,339. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount; and they are sold not only on the spot itself, but in the regular markets, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow. It lies near Bobroto, in the province of Walonee, on one of the Countess's estates, called Chrienoro, and was set on foot by her father in 1778.

Lord Frederick Fitzclarence's hunting stud has been dispatched to his seat, Etat-house, Northumberland, where his Lordship will chiefly reside during the season. Lord Kelburne, brother to Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, and Lady are on a visit to Lord Frederick.

Horse *v.* Coach.—An interesting match came off on Monday on the Northampton Road, which excited considerable attention. A nag, the property of Mr. Daniels, the driver of the Northampton coach, was backed for 50*l.* to carry his owner from the Angel at Islington to the Angel at Northampton, in the same time that the Manchester Telegraph performs the distance, which, our readers are aware, is at the rate of eleven miles an hour. The start took place at the same time, and the nag came in considerably in advance of the coach, and by no means distressed. Mr. Daniels pulled up three or four times on the road, and gave his horse some gruel and cordial drink, of which it partook freely. This was good work for a hack on the public road; but our readers are aware that Tom Thumb or Nonpareil would have done the distance in the same time in harness.

A short time since an agent was sent by Don Miguel to Paris to sell two diamonds belonging to that Prince. Having disposed of them to a jeweller of that capital for ninety thousand francs he returned with the money to Rome.

Lord Kingsborough, while walking through Stephen's-green, Dublin, last week, was arrested by some Sheriff's officers, under the name of Mr. Kingsbury, a misnomer which his Lordship punished by "darkening the day-lights" of the bumb. There was no mistake as to the person, although there might be as to the name, and his Lordship was conducted, in deep dudgeon, to, we blush to mention it, a spunging-house.

A Lion Fight.—As Mr. Wombwell's menageries entered the town of Banff on Tuesday se'nnight, a tremendous noise was heard in one of the caravans, which was found to proceed from the lioness and buffalo, which were engaged in a terrific combat, the former having forced its way into the apartments of the latter, and attacked that animal. Some minutes elapsed before the keepers could succeed in getting the lioness back to her den. This was at last accomplished; but the buffalo was so severely injured that it soon after died of its wounds.

A Rowing Match took place on Tuesday week, on the river Dun, near Doncaster, between four gentlemen connected with Mr. Hammond's theatrical company, now playing at Doncaster, and the same number of aquatic professors in that town. The former were Messrs. Corman, Muir, Purvis, and Chicherley; and the latter, Messrs. Shelton, Robinson, Carmichael, and Marriott. The distance was from Doncaster to Spredbro' and back, a race of seven miles and upwards. The gents. of the "sock and buskin" won the toss for the choice of boats, and in this they obtained a material advantage. The contest was well kept up to Spredbro'; but on reaching tho Devil's Elbow, on their return, the Doncaster four were fouled by a keel, which broke the top streak of the boat.—They could not recover this accident, and the match was lost by one minute and six seconds. Another match is talked of; but this requires some consideration, as the Thespians convinced all present that they were no novices, but "wide awake" to all the moves that were necessary.

Mr. Charles Kean, says Bell's Life in London, has declined a London engagement during the present season: his immense success in the provinces having induced the various managers to secure his services *for some time to come!!!*

His Majesty has subscribed 50*l.* to the fund for repairing the monument of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Two splendid carriages are about to be shipped for Rio, from London, for the coronation of the young Emperor of the Brazils. All the ornaments are of solid silver, and very massive.

Jackson's Hunting Grounds, on the Harrow-road, are now daily attended by the young Nimrods of the Metropolis, who are desirous of practice previous to their taking the field in good earnest. The subscribers are numerous, and embrace many persons of rank and fashion.

## LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN.

Newmarket, (Eng.) 22d Oct., 1836.

Dear Sir,—As your journal is extensively circulated among turfmen in the United States, items of intelligence from this spot, the head quarters of turf matters in England, may interest a portion of your readers; but I cannot undertake to convey any information of essential value to them. It would be extremely difficult for an American to form any accurate ideas of the localities or topography of this celebrated place from any written description. Horse races have been seen here from a very early period, and at this time no less than seven annual meetings are held here. The nature of the ground, the water, and the climate, are all so eminently favorable for breeding and training horses, that *that* is emphatically the leading business of the place; as much so as spinning cotton is of Manchester, or growing cotton is of Mississippi.

There are open heaths in the vicinity of many miles in extent, of every variety of ground, flat, gently undulating, long ascending sweeps, and some sharp ascents, all covered with a firm and elastic green sward, on which nothing is ever permitted to run but sheep, attended by shepherds. This is uninclosed, and belongs to the Duke of Rutland and one or two others; roads pass through in various directions, entirely unobstructed by fences, buildings, trees, or other things, so that in fact the view may be said to be boundless. The race courses are marked off on a part of this heath, distinguished by posts at the different starting and ending places, and most of them are nearly straight, or at best, they make but slight curves, and as far as I can learn, there is none that starts and ends at the same point; the Round course of 3¾ miles nearly, ends not far from the start: but the Beacon Course, B. C., about 4¼ miles, ends near the edge of the town, commencing 4 miles off, quite in the country; and many of the courses now in use are parts of this long course. This arrangement necessarily requires the judges' stand to be removed from place to place every race, (of which there are sometimes half a dozen or more in one day,) and for convenience it is constructed like a covered chair, to contain one person, elevated three or four feet, and placed upon wheels. There is no public stand for spectators, but the audience are for the most part on horseback or in carriages, moving to and fro over the plain, some to see the horses saddle, and some to see them strip after the race, (points wide asunder,) some at the betting post, and some at the starting post, but most of them at the judges' chair at the ending post. One can see but little of the race from any point, and that little but for a moment. All that I have seen appeared to be very quick things; and without seeing, one can scarcely conceive the power and speed requisite to a winner, even on these short courses. The two-year-old-course, T. Y. C., on the flat, over which a great number of races are run, as well by horses of all ages as by 2 yr. olds, is almost a dead level, 1236 yds. in length, and perfectly straight. You frequently see a field of 10 or 12 two year old colts take up 8 st 7 lbs. (119 lbs.), and make running at their utmost speed from the start, like the quarter races in the United States. None but a good one can go that pace with such weight; in fact, none but good ones can stand the training for such a performance. Hence we often see four-fifths, and in some instances nine-tenths, of the colts engaged in sweepstakes paying forfeit, many of them utterly ruined in training, and others turned out to increase in bone and substance to enable them to come again at a later period. Those of any repute on the turf at the present day have certainly an amazing turn of speed, combined with great power, to say nothing of stoutness or ability to repeat. Look at the public performances of *Elis*, the late winner of the St. Leger, and *Bay Middleton*, winner of the Derby. They must have commenced work at yearlings, to prepare them for the Spring they were two years old. They both continued running, Spring, Summer, and Fall, as 2 and 3 year olds, without rest, or scarcely reasonable indulgence. Elis won the St. Leger, 2 miles (less 306 yds.) in 3:18, with 118 lbs. on his back. Since then, Bay Middleton, (by the bye, much fresher, from rest,) beat him, 1¼ miles, in a canter. *Hornsea*, by Velocipede, (2d to the *Queen of Trumps* for the St. Leger last year,) has been travelling all over the country, and running with great success against the strongest fields for two years, last week run the Round course, 3 m. 5 fur. 187 yds., in 7 minutes, as nearly as could be ascertained, *carrying* 147 *pounds*, which is about 47 lbs. more than is usually carried in the United States. You may readily imagine, from these instances, at what speed contending horses must go over the T. Y. C. Even Hornsea was beaten with ease by a moderate 3 yr. old (*Slane*), giving him 22 lbs. A. F. 1¼ miles, at this meeting.

The principal training ground is on the opposite side of the town, where the ground presents a greater elevation of surface; it is preferred on account of the steep ascent of one part, which in the country trainings is thought indispensable to get horses in condition, even for the shortest races. They say it is impossible to give a horse wind without training against a hill, and they are accustomed to that kind of work with a good stout, and heavy rider too from the beginning. Here you may see some hundred or more out of a morning, of all ages, sizes, and conditions. In fact, nearly all the horses in the South part of England are trained from the commencement at Newmarket. Noblemen and gentlemen have handsome houses, splendidly furnished, with grooms, houses and stables attached, forming a complete and very extensive training establishment, some of them worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars. Newmarket is a favorable place for information, and for the sale and purchase of bloods. It is more properly a place of business than pleasure, as you would readily conjecture from the formation of their courses, which are rather laid out to try the horses than amuse the spectators, who, as I before remarked, can see but little of the race.

I understand, during the present meeting, Lord Chesterfield has sold *Priam* to the great Virginia importers, Messrs. Merritt, at a figure which even startles John Bull—a trifle less than 4000 guineas. *Glaucus*, too, has been purchased by the same spirited gentlemen, at £3000, to be delivered after the next season. The former will cost nearly, or quite, $25,000 by the time he reaches Hicksford, reckoning cost and charges of every description, insurance, interest on the money, previously got ready, &c. &c. He will be a great acquisition to America. Most of his stock that I have seen are in good form, and are gentlemanly looking young 'uns; but they are not generally as powerful and long striders as the *Sultans*.

It gives me pleasure to learn that *Glencoe* has arrived safe. The English breeders regret his departure more than any other horse; that whole breed is peculiarly adapted to the long straight courses.

You must excuse this desultory rigmarole, as I write in haste, there being barely time to close my letter for the packet of the 24th inst.

Yours very truly, B.

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Pedestrianism.—The long-talked of match between a well-known Forester, and a dashing West-end butcher of London, came off on Thursday last. The race was for a purse of 10 sovs.; the spot chosen 100 yards on the Epping-road, near the Eagle Tavern. The 100 yards to be run twice; in the first heat the butcher was to receive five yards in advance; in the second no odds to be given. The parties assembled at the Eagle about half-past four o'clock. Uncle Ben, the butcher, arrived in a handsome phæton and pair, accompanied by several friends, the whole party decorated with light blue favors. When uncased from his mother's witney, Uncle Ben looked in prime condition for the contest. Two to one was freely offered on the butcher at starting for the first heat, but no takers. First race—Both started well, and at good speed; when within thirty yards of the winning post, the butcher was well abreast of his opponent; here the Forester came down by the run, and went head over tip: of course Uncle Ben was the winner of this heat. Second race—Both to run 100 yards. This was a good start, and was also won by the butcher, who beat his man by about one yard, in gallant style, carrying his "head and pluck" well up. The parties after the race sat down to an excellent dinner at the Eagle Tavern, Snaresbrook, and got the fog on pretty thick before they parted. The last race was done in eleven seconds.

Gillett is matched to walk 18¼ miles in three hours, for 10*l.*

On Thursday last a race took place between Wm. Seddon and Thomas, alias Dagger, Hunt, both from the neighborhood of Bury, for 20*l.* a-side, over the Manchester race-course. Hunt was the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4. Seddon led off at a spanking pace to the top of the hill, when Hunt went up, ran side by side for 20 yards, and then shot ahead, and was four yards in advance the first round. In mounting the hill Seddon overtook him, and a desperate struggle for superiority took place—Seddon showing first down the hill home; but, on gaining the flat, it became obvious that he could not live the pace—Hunt passed him within the distance, and with great difficulty reached the wished for goal. It was evident that each of them had done their best, as Seddon fainted from exertion in the arms of his friends a hundred yards from home, whilst Hunt had to be dragged in the last ten yards; and had the race been full two miles, he must have also dropped. It was an excellent race, and the distance (about one mile seven furlongs) was performed in nine minutes forty-two seconds. Hunt was trained by the Whitefield "Scott," and is the fifth winner he has turned out.

## MR. FORREST IN ENGLAND.

*From the Morning Herald.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—So much interest has not for a long time been felt in any event connected with theatrical affairs, as was last night occasioned by the first appearance at this theatre, and on English boards, of Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian. We have heard much in public and in private of this gentleman's powers, and we now can acknowledge that in him the States have commenced the repayment of a heavy debt, long due to the Old Country. Mr. Forrest has been a great favorite at home, and chiefly in the part in which he has made his debut among us—viz., *Spartacus*, in the *Gladiator*. The tragedy of The Gladiator was composed for him expressly, by his countryman Dr. Bird, and in consequence of the proffer on his part of a public prize for such a work. Having seen him, we can readily feel that he was led by a true instinct to seek a novel medium for displaying the histrionic passion of which he was conscious; and, without committing ourselves to admiration of the tragedy, we can also recognise the tact with which Dr. Bird endeavored to suit his subject to the man. Mr. Forrest is wholly unlike any of the great masters of our stage, and with the exception of one or two of Mr. Macready's favorite parts, in plays of Sheridan Knowles, we do not know any characters in our high drama, wherein we should be inclined to anticipate any remarkable success on his part. He knew, as Sheridan said of his genius for oratory, that the faculty was in him, and out he was determined it should come, and in his own way.

Mr. Forrest is in person most remarkable for symmetrical, but somewhat Herculean proportions. He might take the Farnese club and stand a perfect model to painter or sculptor. His neck is also as a pillar of strength, and his head is finely set on. His features are marked, but by no means of a classic cast, nor are they well suited for histrionic effect. Abundantly indicative of energy, they have not breadth of character, or beauty, or variety of expression. Under strong excitement they cut or contract into sharp angularities, which cannot harmonise with the grand in passion. Mr. Forrest's voice is of a twofold kind—deep, rich, and powerful, coming naturally from the chest, and high and thin coming from the throat. The transition from the one to the other is by no means agreeable, and it is frequently necessary. Its general intonation is decidedly what we shall call provincial. We fancy it should be so considered, even in New York or Philadelphia. It has a fine flavor of the backwoods. Mr. H. Wallack with us, and, indeed, his brother, have something of the like peculiarity. Having thus described, in some degree, Mr. Forrest's *organization*, we may remark that his style of acting harmonizes with it completely.

Its characteristics are simplicity, sincerity, and energy. Subtleties of passion—passion highly spiritualized, would, we should suppose, utterly baffle him; while to the broad feelings which are the foundation of all hearts, he can impart an extraordinary power. In a word, the physical, rather than the intellectual, predominates in all he does. His action is full of variety and gracefulness, but, at the same time, it partakes overmuch of the athletic style.—There were several passages, not points, in Mr. Forrest's performance in the Gladiator, which were exceedingly fine—the agony of generous grief, subduing the desire of vengeance, which he displays in the last act, where Spartacus hears of the death of his wife, and wishes to sacrifice the daughter of Crassus, or his brother, was expressed by him with a tremendous force, which reminded us above any thing we have ever seen on the stage, of the head of the Laocoon, or Canova's Hercules writhing under the tortures of the poisoned scarf. Mr. Forrest's death-scene was too literal—the gory face, and death rattle, added the horrid and the abhorrent to the fall of Spartacus, but in no way increased its high tragic effect. Its partial accordance with the statue of the "Dying Gladiator" was in very much better taste. On the whole, however, and with every allowance for blemishes, Mr. Forrest's Spartacus must be considered a noble piece of acting. The character of the tragedy left all other parts in it of little consequence. We must add, that Mr. Forrest's reception was such as his warmest friends could desire; it was enthusiastic in the extreme, on his entrance; he was frequently applauded zealously during the performance, and at the end he was called before the curtain, and greeted with most prolonged cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs from all parts of the house. More enthusiasm, in fact, we scarcely ever witnessed on the part of an audience in a British theatre.

When silence had been obtained, Mr. Forrest (who had come forth with an ordinary cloak flung over his dress) addressed the house much to this effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In my present exhausted state, I can scarcely find words to address you.—I should be wholly destitute of feeling if I did not feel the deepest gratitude for the extreme kindness with which you have welcomed me here to-night. The generosity with which you have applauded my humble efforts must prove to the people of America the kindly feeling entertained toward them by the enlightened portion of the people of this country." (Great applause.) Mr. Forrest then proceeded to remark that his gratification was greatly enhanced in consequence of the *fiat* of the audience in favor of his friend Dr. Bird's tragedy. Here, however, the expression of dissent was so strong, that Mr. Forrest did not farther allude to the subject, but retired as he had entered, amid the most ardent applause.

As to the tragedy, we do not think it a great work, but it retains sufficient merit to redeem it from any summary condemnation; and Mr. Forrest has a right to expect that he may have full and fair occasions to present himself to *all* the public, in a part upon which he has labored so long and so well.

*From the London Times.*

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, who has established a high reputation in America, his native country, as a tragedian, appeared for the first time before an English audience at this theatre last night. The character selected for his debut was that of *Spartacus*, in a tragedy of that title, written by Dr. Bird, also an American. Mr. Forrest was received with a hearty warmth, which, from the first moment of his appearance, left no doubt, if any could have been entertained, that the audience were well disposed to accept his exertions for their entertainment. He is a tall, rather robust man, of some 30 years of age, not remarkably handsome, but with expressive features, and that cast of countenance which is well suited for theatrical effect. His voice is remarkably powerful, his figure rather vigorous than elegant, and his appearance prepossessing. The subject of the tragedy is one admirably adapted for scenic representation, and has already been essayed in the French and German theatres. Dr. Bird appears not to have borrowed from any of his predecessors, but to have preserved in the main features of the drama the historical facts relating to his hero. In concentrating the interest and the action of the play in the character of Spartacus, he has bestowed very slight pains in the delineation of the other characters. The consequence of this is, that all the scenes in which the hero is not in action are languid, and all the other personages in the play are very faintly sketched.

[The writer then gives an analysis of the play, and in relation to the scenes in the amphitheatre, says]:—

Mr. Forrest's acting in these scenes was remarkably clever. He played with his whole heart, and seemed to be so strongly imbued with the spirit of the part, that every tone and gesture was perfectly natural, and full of that fire and spirit which are engendered by true feeling, and which more certainly than more graceful stage accomplishments, carry an audience along with the performer. His fighting was admirable, and the postures into which he threw his Herculean form in the combat might form a study for sculptors.

[The article concludes as follows:]

The latter part of the play is less vigorous than the former, but there are some scenes of stirring interest, in which Mr. Forrest makes a powerful impression on the audience. The poetry of the drama is rather powerful than polished, and, although it contains some passages of considerable beauty, it is more generally characterized by a rough, passionate strain, in which gracefulness is sacrificed to force. One speech, in which Spartacus describes the beauty of his native Thracian vallies before the invasion of the Romans, and contrasts it with the devastation which had followed their footsteps, struck us as being particularly happy. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Forrest was called for, and began to address the audience, a practice not usual, nor safe, at least on this side of the Atlantic. He thanked them for the reception they had bestowed on him, and expressed his satisfaction at finding in that reception a proof of their good will towards America. Now, although their praises were warm and hearty, they were given to him personally, and simply because they thought he deserved them, and would have been just as freely bestowed if he had come from Kamtschatka as from New York.—There are no national prejudices between an audience and an actor, nor anywhere else, in this country, which could make it for a moment questionable that a deserving artist would be well received, from whatever quarter of the globe he arrived. When, however, Mr. Forrest, encouraged by the applause, began to thank them for the favors they had shown the tragedy, he provoked some dissent, the audience not seeming to think as highly of the poet as of the player, so Mr. Forrest made his bows and retired. We shall be glad to see him in some other character, and if he acquits himself hereafter as well as he did on this occasion, he will have no reason to be dissatisfied with his voyage, and the theatre will have engaged an able performer, who to very considerable skill in his profession, adds the attraction of a somewhat novel, and a much more spirited style of playing than any other tragic actor now on our stage.

**From Bell's Life in London.**

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, of whom report has spoken so favorably, made his first appearance at this theatre on Monday, and was received with unqualified approbation—a proof that, in this country, talent, from whatever quarter of the globe it may come, is sure to meet encouragement. He is a tall, rather robust man, of some thirty years of age, not remarkably handsome, but with expressive features, and that cast of countenance which is well suited for theatrical effect. His voice is remarkably powerful, his figure rather vigorous than elegant, and his general appearance prepossessing.—The piece chosen for his *debut* was a tragedy entitled *Spartacus, or the Gladiator*, written by Dr. Bird, an American author of acknowledged talent, who, however, in this instance, seems to have sacrificed everything to his hero; in fact, throughout the piece he holds the most prominent situation. The subject is the well-known story of Spartacus. Mr. Forrest's acting throughout was admirable. He played with his whole heart, and seemed to be so strongly imbued with the spirit of the part, that every tone and gesture was perfectly natural, and full of that fire and spirit which are engendered by true feeling, and which more certainly than more graceful stage accomplishments carry an audience along with the performer. His fighting was admirable, and the postures into which he threw his herculean form in the combat might form a study for sculptors. The latter part of the play is less vigorous than the former, but there are some scenes of stirring interest, in which Mr. Forrest made a powerful impression on the audience. The poetry of the drama is rather powerful than polished; and although it contains some passages of considerable beauty, it is more generally characterized by a rough passionate strain, in which gracefulness is sacrificed to force. The scenery and general getting up of the tragedy are excellent, and at the conclusion Mr. Forrest was called for, and expressed his satisfaction at finding, in his flattering reception, a proof of the good will of this country towards America. He endeavored to claim credit for the author, but this was ticklish ground, and the audience showed that it was for him alone their tribute of applause was intended. We shall be glad to see Mr. Forrest in some other character, and if he acquit himself hereafter as well as he did on this occasion, he will have no reason to be dissatisfied with his voyage, and the theatre will have engaged an able performer, who, to very considerable skill in his profession, adds the attraction of a somewhat novel, and a much more spirited style of playing than any other tragic actor now on our stage, approaching nearer to Kean, who, we believe, first brought him forward, than any other actor within our recollection.

On Wednesday night Mr. Forrest appeared for the second time, and drew a pretty good but not a crowded house. He again met with a cordial welcome, received much applause during the piece, and was loudly called for at its conclusion. But though the play was considerably curtailed, it evidently went off much more heavily than on Monday evening. The audience fell into long fits of languor, till they were roused by some display of power, or burst of passion, from the hero of the piece: for nothing that is said or done by any of the other personages produces the slightest effect, except two or three passages in the part of *Pharsarius*, to which Cooper does great justice. We long to see Mr. Forrest in some of our own tragedies; till then a just estimate of his real powers cannot be formed.

*From the Morning Chronicle.*

MR. FORREST'S SECOND APPEARANCE.—The second appearance of Mr. Forrest last night, in the character of Spartacus, drew a pretty good but not a crowded house. He again met with a cordial welcome, received much applause during the piece, and was loudly called for at its conclusion. But though the play was considerably curtailed, it evidently went off much more heavily than on Monday evening. There was no longer the curiosity and excitement which attend a first performance; there were many dull scenes into which all Mr. Forrest's efforts failed to infuse animation, and dreary intervals when he was not upon the stage. The audience, accordingly, fell into long fits of languor, till they were roused by some display of power, or burst of passion, from the hero of the piece; for nothing that is said or done by any of the other personages produces the slightest effect, except two or three passages in the part of Phassarius, to which Cooper did great justice. ..

The character of Spartacus is evidently not one from which it is possible to form a final estimate of Mr. Forrest's powers as a tragedian. Many of its effects, and some of those which produce much applause, are purely melodramatic, and within the reach of any performer who is possessed of a striking appearance, a bold and free action, and a good voice. Such is the whole scene of the combats in the arena, which occupies nearly the whole of the second act, and which is a piece of mere *spectacle*, beneath the dignity of tragedy. So much is this the prevailing feature of the whole part, that when we learn that the play was written expressly for Mr. Forrest, and with the view, of course of exhibiting his peculiar powers, we should feel tempted, judging from this single performance, to suppose that his *forte* lies in melodramatic acting, were it not that he has already, in his own country, achieved triumphs in the highest and most intellectual walks of the drama. We therefore look forward with interest to his appearance in some of Shakspeare's great parts, in which we may be able to measure his height with that not only of the great tragedians who still remains to us, but of the Kembles, Cookes and Keans, who though they themselves are passed away, still live in our memory. Mr. Forrest must already see that Spartacus is not a part which can gain for him a high reputation; and the sooner, therefore, he lays it aside the better.

*From the Literary Gazette.*

[The Literary Gazette, one of the oldest and ablest literary and scientific journals in Great Britain, is edited by William Jerdan, Esq. We have room but for a short extract.]

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, Mr. Edwin Forrest, an American actor, made his first appearance before an English audience. It is stated that the theatre has been hired at the rate of £200 per night, for three nights weekly, for his performances; so that they are a sort of copartnership with the general management, though not allied to its chances or mischances. In his farewell address at New York, Mr. Forrest intimated that he was about to test English feeling, and to ascertain whether the British public would be as liberal towards American, as the people of the United States were to British performers. This seemed to us to be a false position; since the reception, in either country, ought not to depend on nationalities, but on the individual merits of the candidates In this respect, however, and the true and just criterion, Mr. Forrest has nothing to fear. * *

Mr. Forrest had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, which was extremely flattering, from a very full house; or, as the bills give it, "*his first appearance* (before one of the most crowded audiences ever assembled in this theatre,)" *par parenthesis*, "national," nearly drew down the roof, and established Mr. Forrest in public favor, as "one of the greatest actors that has ever graced an English theatre."

*From Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The reception given, on Monday last, to an American tragedy, and an American tragedian, showed the strongest disposition, on the part of the English public, to do justice to American talent. * * * * * The whole weight of the tragedy thus rested on the shoulders of Spartacus, and truly Mr. Forrest sustained it like an Atlas. * * * * * *

During the whole of the last act, his performance was a blaze of splendor which has very rarely been equalled, and hardly ever, we should think, surpassed. His style appears to be very much his own. If he reminds us of any actor, it is occasionally of KEAN, especially in the rapid and conversational tone of many of the passages. * * *

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the audience expressed their sense of Mr. Forrest's merit at the conclusion of the piece. * * * * On the repetition of the tragedy on Wednesday, Mr. F. was as enthusiastically applauded as on the first night.

*From the Atlas.*

DRURY LANE.—Considerable curiosity was excited by the announcement at this theatre, on Monday night, that Mr. EDWIN FORREST, an American actor of transatlantic celebrity, was to make his first appearance before an English audience. The house was crowded at full price. Expectation was raised to the utmost to witness the performances of our actor, who, at the early age of twenty-eight, is said to have made a fortune of £20,000 by his professional exertions.—In America, a money-getting country, and in England, a money-loving country, this fact was sufficient to surround the MASTER BEATTY of the New World (for such we are informed he was called,) with extraneous interest.

[After a detailed and biting criticism of the tragedy, which we omit, as we have done in several other extracts, the Atlas is very laudatory of Mr. F. We have room but for a sentence or two selected at random].

It would be impossible to produce a more powerful performance, or one, in all respects, more just and complete than his representation of the moody, savage, Thracian. * * * * * His voice reminded us of Kean, Vandenhoff and Wallack, but not as they would be recalled by one who, in the dearth of his own resources, imitated them for convenience, but by one in whom such resemblances are natural and unpremeditated. * * * * * There is certainly no actor on the English stage who could have played it (Spartacus) with a tithe of Mr. FORREST's ability.

*From the Examiner.*

[The Examiner, edited by Mr. Fonblanque, one of the most able of the London weekly journals, condemns the play utterly, and says that one passage excites general laughter—where a Centurian speaks. The following are its remarks upon the actor]:—

We confess that we feel reluctant to speak of Mr. Forrest in this tragedy. We must be understood to reserve anything like a final opinion till we have seen him in one of the great English plays. Even as it was, however, we think that we can pardon much of the inequality and rudeness of the performance, for its passages of strength and splendor. Mr. Forrest is "gladiatorily" made, with ponderous, yet sinewy frame, and ample chest, and he has certainly a fiery and energetic style. He imitates the late Mr. Kean occasionally, but this is rather, we take it, to conceal a natural defect of voice, which he brings in a reedy and unpleasant way, from the top of his throat. We would say, generally, that there was a want of fusion in his acting. His passages of tenderness or rage are not struck out of each other. They are "framed and glazed" by themselves. He wants that fine faculty of the imaginative in style which works a harmony with differents. At the same time let us add, with cordial truth, that Mr. Forrest is not an *indifferent* actor. He has every now and then some burst of feeling or energy which would enter any heart, however closed against it. There is no levity, no feebleness, no indifference in his manner. The ingredients of which it is made up are occasionally something too strong for our taste; he makes the cauldron too "thick and slab;" but it is not to be denied that it glows with power and fierceness.

In his death scene, Mr. Forrest imitated the death rattle. We would as soon have heard the shrieks of mandrakes. It was unnaturally loud, and more than absolutely repulsive. Let us warn Mr. Forrest from such extremities in his art. It is one of the worst elements of a faulty style. It requires far more skill, let us assure him, to finger and stop an instrument than to blow it. He is a young man—he is evidently a man of education—and if he is disposed now to place himself in a course of laborious study, he has probably a career of eminence before him in his noble and beautiful profession. One of the most important lessons he has to learn is the folly of seeking to raise the audience, instead of pervading the stage, as it were insensibly, with vigorous yet ever easy motion.—Among the many things he has to unlearn, we must be allowed to name his very harsh provincialisms.

We trust that we shall have reason to be grateful to America for Mr. Forrest. The roughest and least manageable soil surrounds gold and diamonds. Let him begin, as speedily as possible, a course of laborious culture.

*From the Courier.*

America has at length vindicated her capability of producing a native dramatist of the highest order, whose claims should be unequivocally acknowledged by the Mother Country; and has rendered back some portion of the dramatic debt so long due to us, in return for the Cookes, the Keans, the Macreadys, the Knowleses, and the Kembles, whom she has, through a long series of years, seduced, at various times, to her shores, the long doubted problem being happily solved by Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, who made his first appearance last night on these boards, with a success as triumphant as could have been desired by his most enthusiastic admirers on the other side of the Atlantic.

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## THE TROTTING CHALLENGE.

*Beppo's* challenge has not been accepted. At a convivial meeting in Philadelphia last week, of the owners of most of the celebrated Trotting Cattle of the day, of that city and New York, Beppo's challenge in this paper last week was renewed by his owner, and eventually accepted by a friend on the part of *Edwin Forrest*. Beppo then offered to increase the stake from $1000 to $5000; but at this stage, of what promised to be a sporting affair and no mistake, the owner of Edwin Forrest interfered and refused to allow the gentleman making the match the use of his horse. To obviate the objection made by Edwin Forrest's friends to trotting the match over the Centreville Course, Long Island, Beppo offered to trot the match here against time, and allow Edwin Forrest to trot the same over the Hunting Park Course, and to pay the expenses of the Judges who shall attend both matches. This offer was declined. Beppo then "trumped out" with the following banter, viz:—That he would trot a mile and repeat over the Centreville Course, Long Island, (without specifying the particular day), for One Thousand Dollars *against any time on record!*

We are not aware how long this offer remains open; we merely know it was made, and that it was not accepted. The facts detailed in the article above were derived from a source in which the utmost confidence can be placed, and is written without the slightest feeling of partiality towards any of the trotting horses now in force. Should we have been misinformed (and there is hardly a possibility of it,) or our statement appear highly colored, we can only say that our columns are open and we shall not *bounce* to receive either an acceptance of Beppo's challenge or an explanation of any circumstances which prevent it.

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The United States Telegraph, published at Washington, has the following paragraph in relation to the late Trenton Races, Four mile heats:—

Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, 3 years old, beat Mingo, Enceiro, and Campsidel, in two heats. Time, 7:50, (some made it 48s.) 7 minutes 53 seconds; the best time, says the New York Spirit of the Times, "ever made by a 3 year old, carrying equal weight." It was, indeed, a wonderful race, and is better running than that of Bascomb and Post Boy. We think, however, that it will be very likely to result in the ruin of the filly. How many noble horses have been ruined by running four mile heats at four years old! What, then, have we not every reason to expect from such a race, by a filly but three years old? It is very likely that she may never run another race, when, if she had not been trained until four, or not run beyond a *two* mile race, she might have proved the best horse in the country. We shall never improve our breed of horses *as we might do*, as long as we continue to train our colts and fillies at the tender age of two and three years.

We have great pleasure in assuring the editor of the Telegraph, that however he may deprecate the practice of bringing forward our young stock at two and three years old, so far as *Fanny Wyatt* is concerned, there is not the slightest ground for his belief that her late splendid race will "result in her ruin." We have the best authority for stating that she never was in finer racing condition than at the present moment, and it is the opinion of her owner and trainer, that she is in better order to commence a campaign to-day than she ever was. She only wanted a good bursting four mile race [didn't she get it from Mingo?] to make her in tip top condition, and if she could meet *Bascomb* this week, he would have to let out that extra link in his neck which Hammond brags of.

There are no two yr. old stakes run for north of the Potomac, and very few, comparatively South of it. In England colts are brought forward earlier than in this country; there, a colt in his two year old form has as much size and strength, and his powers are as much matured as a three year old's here. The nominations for the Derby and St. Leger (three yr. old colts and fillies), are for the most part superior in size to our four yr. olds; and though they run but about two miles, the weight carried by colts in the Derby is 119 lbs., fillies 114 lbs., being 15 lbs. more than our four yr. olds carry over any course in the Union.

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## FROM A VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR,—Results similar to *Post Boy's* unfortunate career this autumn, have fallen under my observation, where there has been such severe running as his, the preceding campaign—24 miles within a fortnight. *Atalanta* has achieved as much the last month, at Camden and the Union Course, having run 42 miles during six weeks. A wintering, it is hoped, will bring both out fresh in the Spring, which may put forth new laurels for them. I yet hope to have an opportunity of witnessing another Eclipse and Henry match, between the sons that do so much justice to their renowned sires.

A few examples occur to me, and but few of as severe running within a short space, as Post Boy's and Atalanta's, terminating successfully.

*Ariel*, in *four* heats, won a Jockey Club Purse of 3 mile heats, running the *last* heat in 5:47, and the next week, in *four* heats, won another Jockey Club Purse, 4 mile heats, the *last* heat in 8:4, having been beat the *third heat*, by Trumpator, her competitor in both races, in 7:57. *Tychicus*, in six weeks, ran 40 miles: a fortnight after a severe race of 16 miles, with Goliah and others, in which he was beat, he won the Jockey Club Purse at Washington, contesting every heat, in four heats.

"*Another Richmond in the Field.*"—Bay Richmond, in the last American Turf Register, evidently means *Bay Middleton*, the best three year old now in England—nearly allied in blood to imported Glencoe, as Elis has been shown to be to imported Autocrat. The one won the Derby, the other the St. Leger. When they ran together for the 2000 guinea stakes, the Rowley mile, at Newmarket, won by the former by half a head, it is said one mile was run in 1:30¼.

The next year ought to illustrate a problem, yet to be proved, whether the get of the imported horses is superior to that of the Sir Archy, Eclipse, and Tonson Stock. The Valentines, at the Union, have done something in favor of the foreigners, as well as the Leviathans in Tennessee.

B.

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### Challenge for $20,000 and $10,000!

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 15, 1836.

The New-York Spirit of the Times will confer a favor by inserting this challenge, taken from the Charleston Mercury, and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

☞ We, wishing to try the speed of our HORSES, put forth this as a banter. We think that our two horses "*Reformation*" and "*Recluse*" can outrun any thing that can be brought to the Barnwell Turf. The former will run a mile for $20,000; the latter a quarter for $10,000.

W. H. ALLEN.
C. F. TOBIN.

*Barnwell C. H., S.C., Nov. 10, 1836.*

If a favor was to be conferred upon "a subscriber" by the insertion of the advertisement above, without charge, common courtesy should have suggested the propriety of his paying the postage of his letter. Neither of the signers of the advertisement above are subscribers of ours, nor do we believe that the writer is, for he was guilty of endorsing the word "*single*" on the direction of the letter, when he *knew* it was double. We beg to assure the writer, whoever he may be, that subscribers to the Spirit of the Times practice the usages of gentlemen, and that he is welcome to the half dollar we paid for his letter, provided he never again sets up a claim to rank with them.

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*Dutchman vs. Lady Warrington.*—The match, 3 mile heats, under the saddle, for $1000 a side, was won easily in two heats, by Dutchman, at the Hunting Park Course, on Thursday. The time we have not heard.

## BASCOMB AND POST BOY.

A writer in the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine for Oct., having attempted to reverse the position of these celebrated horses, in the public estimation, by placing Post Boy first and Bascomb second, it is an act of sheer justice to expose the errors of the writer and the sophistry of his reasoning. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Bascomb fairly vanquished the champion of the northern turf, and in doing so, made, as I consider, the best 4 mile race that has ever been run in the United States, not excepting even the great match between Henry and Eclipse. The average time of the two first heats between Eclipse and Henry was 7:43. The average time of Post Boy and Bascomb was 7:50. No one who is a judge of a track will dispute, that a horse could have been run each mile 2½s. quicker, in the condition of the track at the Eclipse and Henry race, than could have been done when Bascomb and Post Boy made their run. Assuming this to be correct, it would bring down the time of Bascomb to 7:40. The weight which Henry carried was heavier than is now carried by horses of the same age, but any difference on that score was more than counterbalanced by a very high wind which prevailed on the day of Bascomb's race. If then I be correct in my calculations, (and I feel very certain that I am) Post Boy has not only transcended the best effort of his celebrated sire, but far surpassed *himself* on any former occasion, and I do believe outstripped every living horse in America except his conqueror John Bascomb.

The writer states that Post Boy challenged Bascomb to run on the Island this fall at an odds of $11,000 to $10,000, and that the proposition was declined and met by a counter proposition to this effect: *By a fiction*, to assume that Bascomb was in Alabama, and to give or take 4000 to make a race for $20,000, either on the Union course, or on that of Augusta, Georgia. Now, sir, Col. Crowell assumed no such *fiction*. He knew very well that it would suit his business much better to train his horse where he could keep an eye on his affairs at home, at the same time, and for this convenience he was willing to pay a difference of $2000, or bet a difference of $4000. On the other hand, had Post Boy made the match to run on the Island he would have had the sum of $2000, to compensate, in part, the extra expense which he would incur and damage which his business at home might sustain in consequence of his absence. Was this fiction? It is preposterous to call it so. Now, sir, how stands Post Boy's proposition? Why, sir, it was this: Col. Crowell, if you will make a match for $10,000, and give us a chance to retrieve the lost reputation of our horse, we will give you $500 to pay your expenses at the Astor House this summer, and as to the injury which your plantation affairs might sustain, why you must settle that in the best way you can. Was this, sir, a fair proposition? Was it such an one as would naturally come from those who were (as they now pretend) *confident* of success on a second trial? How will it compare with Col. Crowell's proposition, to give or take? As the writer says, Bascomb was there at Post Boy's side and that his presence there was no fiction, for they *felt* that he was there. True, sir, and he would have had to take as many steps to get to Georgia as Post Boy, would have to drink the same water, breathe the same air, and in every respect would have been upon an equal footing. Then you may enquire why the friends of Post Boy were willing to match him in New York and not in Georgia? or when they were so eager to bet $11,000 to $10,000, they could not be urged into a bet of $24,000 to $20,000? It may be accounted for in this way, and I can account for it in no other. It was very well understood that the difference between Bascomb and Post Boy was not very great, and that although Bascomb fairly beat him, still there was a chance that Bascomb might break down in his training, and pay forfeit, or he might be out of fix, and be defeated, and thus, by *accident*, yield to Post Boy the trophy which he had won by his *superiority*. You may think that the owners of Post Boy were willing to risk a great deal for the mere *chance* of retrieving a lost reputation. Why, Sir, the owners of Post Boy would not have had to go a dollar in the race. Chagrin would have stimulated some to take a share of the bet, and the interests of the Turf, the Taverns, &c., would have taken the balance. This may account to you for their unwillingness to run for $20,000 at Baltimore, only 200 miles from Post Boy's stable, when it was 800 miles from Bascomb's.

The writer says that "many in the South content themselves with the simple event that Bascomb has won the race." We are not so simple as that either. When we find, sir, that we have eclipsed the greatest effort of the present day, that we have driven the northern champion to make time that his friends themselves had scarcely dared *imagine*, we are assured that we have something more substantial to rest upon than the mere fact of winning the race.—Now, sir, I will show you the inconsistency of the writer: He tells us in one breath that they would not make the match to run over any other ground than the Long Island Course, because they wanted to test the character of the two horses on the *same ground* where they had been defeated, in order that the *variation of the ground*, &c., might not be a subject of controversy. In the next breath he informs us that Post Boy followed Bascomb to Trenton—was here no variation of ground? While he was in pursuit of Bascomb, why did he not follow on as far as Baltimore, where the friends of Bascomb would have backed him to an unlimited extent? Why at Trenton—had Bascomb entered for the purse, Post Boy would have had a *chance* (by catching Bascomb lame, sick, or off his foot) of mending his shattered reputation, and *that chance* would have cost him but $25—whereas, by following on as far as Baltimore, this *chance* might *perchance* have cost them $20,000.

The writer goes on to say that Bascomb had never won a race of three mile heats in less than six minutes. This is an error. He ran it in less time over the La Fayette Course last December. He then goes on to say that he ran a single four mile heat in 7:44, over the finest track on the face of the earth. Now, sir, I say unequivocally, that *it is not so*, and I will put the friends of Post Boy to the test. The writer states that he ran his fourth mile at Trenton in 1:47. Now, sir, I will procure for him a bet of five thousand dollars, that Post Boy cannot run over the La Fayette Course a single turn on any day in May or June next, with his appropriate weights, in the time laid down for his fourth mile, say 1:47. I will pledge myself to procure the sum of $5000 on the issue, and if they desire it, I do not doubt being able to procure the sum of $25,000. In dry weather about two thirds of the ground is very firm, but the balance is rather heavy from having been sanded. The shape of it is unfavorable, some of the turns being short. Another proof that it is not *very* favorable to *time* is, that no horse has ever yet moved around it in less than 1:50, even with our favorable weights which the writer speaks of. The best time, two miles, that has ever been made, was 3:50, and the best four miles was Bascomb's 7:44, which stands 12s. better than Bay Maria's time the same week, and to have saved her life she could not have made the time which she had made six months previously, in her race with Post Boy on the Island, with only two more pounds weight upon her back. According to the best calculation I can make, a horse is able to make as good time on the Union Course in June, with New York weights, as he can make on the La Fayette Course in April, with our weights. In one breath he wishes us to believe that Bascomb is no great scratch after all; in the next, when he remembers that he cannot lower Bascomb without bringing Post Boy down with him, he wishes us to believe that he is a wonderful animal, but that Post Boy is a little more so. He informs us that Post Boy ran his first mile in 2:2, and under circumstances which induced his friends to believe that he could not have performed it in any quicker time. This is rather too severe a tax upon *our* credulity, though it may be very satisfactory to those who *wish* to believe it. In the first place we are in the habit of believing that *every* horse *can* run his *first* mile quicker than the second, second quicker than the third, and so on. Now, as the first mile took 2:2, and as the whole distance was done in 7:49, it follows that some part of the ground was done in less time. Now, if contrary to all former experience, Post Boy increases his speed with his distance, he had better banter the world for eight mile heats against horse flesh, and if he will continue on to 30 miles, he can banter the very lightning from the heavens. Neither does this writer's statement correspond with the manner of running Post Boy in previous races. He (as I am informed) always ran a waiting pace, and when he ran at the Union Course, made his run from the north corner in the last mile. This was the game he expected to play upon Bascomb, and would have carried it into execution had not the managers of Bascomb (who had suffered before from that north corner) kept Post Boy so busy that when he got there the brush was gone.

I will close this communication already too lengthy, with the declaration, that I have no interest whatever in John Bascomb; that I did not bet a cent on the issue of the race between him and Post Boy; that I have no sectional feeling in the matter, and that I am prompted in my vindication of the former, purely from a love of justice. I *challenge* the writer in the Turf Register to make the same declaration. I hope that I am wrong, but the whole tenor of the article referred to, looks to me like an *interested* attempt to bolster the fallen fortunes of a powerful horse, who stands now on the Turf second only to John Bascomb. There is where he *ought* to stand at present, and there let him remain until *fairly* promoted.

PHILO JUSTICE.

Whenever Post Boy outruns his own and Bascomb's time, he may banter with a show of reason. It will not have so much the appearance of a *chance* game, where there would be great gain and little loss.

Augusta (Ga.) Daily Constitutionalist.

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SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—On Saturday morning, as a number of country carts were coming down Canal-street, Perth, a young child fell in front of the foremost horse. The driver was absent, but the horse put one foot over the child and stood fast. No injury has been done to the child except that two of its fingers are bruised.

Sir Frederick Johnstone and party have been most successful this season in their deer stalking in the Isle of Lewes. Sir Frederick, with his own rifle, killed thirty head of fine red deer, and was only 19 days on the hill.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A gentleman of Brookfield, Conn., lately shot on the banks of the Still River, eight wild geese, at four successive shots, and wounded a ninth. The largest bird killed weighed near 40lbs.

At a shooting match in Brewer, Maine, last week, a gentleman from the West made fifty successive shots with a rifle, at one hundred and twenty-five yards, and hit the bird at every shot but the last.

## SALMON-TROUT FISHING.

We find the following capital article in the London "Sportsman," for Aug., and are confident we have read it before, though it appears as original in the interesting periodical in which we find it. Trout fishing in New England is glorious sport, and no where is it enjoyed with keener zest or more generally. We can personally bear witness to the fidelity and truth of the sketch subjoined, in its main features, having thrown our fly or dropped our "patent Limerick" into almost every brook and lake of note northwest of Gotham.

*Fort Preble, April 21st*, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you some time since to indite a *scrap* on the subject of trout-fishing, in Sebago Pond, as being such rare sport as is nowhere to be found south of N. H. This sport commences in March, when the trout are in the small tributaries of the pond, preying upon the spawn of the smelt. In May they follow the rafts (particularly from the Songo) across the pond to the outlet, and are taken almost exclusively in this track. This fish partly resembles in habit and appearance, as the name imports, both the salmon and brook-trout, being perhaps an intermediate species, and varies from two to fourteen pounds in weight. But to catch them. We will suppose you have an ordinary trout rod, a reel with a multiplying power, (if you are an old angler, if not, the simpler the better), with 200 feet of line, and I would recommend it of silk, unless you are fond of sporting your tackle, in which case grass will suit you better; this should flow freely through the rings; have a lead some four feet from the hook, with steel swivels fore and aft. We will suppose further, that you are at White's, near the outlet, an independent yeoman this, whose wife has such milk, cream, and butter, as you don't see in Baltimore; and if she could make *café au lait*, and cook the trout *à la mode*, there would be nothing more to be desired. Well, sir, we launch out in a fresh sunny spring morning, in a boat with two oarsmen, but we will sail if we can. And now bait the hooks with a minnow, a strip from the side of a chub, or even from that of the trout itself. Here permit me to inform you, that I may not be troubled while taking a trout, that your killing artificials won't do; he may make one dash at it, but if he is missed, you may whistle for another.

Thus armed and equipped, we let off from forty to sixty feet of line according to the boat's way. The bait ought to be seen flashing in the wake almost at the surface (herein is a test of the excellence of the gear), for if the lead is too large or the bait don't traverse well on the swivels, this flashing will not be observed, they will attract a fish from a distance. A large trout takes hold vigorously, but if you are not satisfied he has taken the hook, draw up the rod gently, and he very naturally takes hold more decidedly. Now twitch him gently, clear the reel, and exclaim "I've got him." The boat is *brought up* instantly, all hands wind up, to give you and the fish fair play, for "now comes the tug of war."—The trout will generally spin off a hundred or a hundred an fifty feet of the line, and terminate the run by bounding entirely out of the water. This feat, which most commonly is repeated until he is exhausted, will give some idea of his size, and the manner in which he is hooked, when so far gone as only to be able to show his tail now and then, the line is taken in cautiously, but returned freely if there is any disposition to run manifested. Sometimes he approaches the boat of his own accord, but when this is seen he takes fresh alarm, and almost invariably, to avoid his strange enemy at the surface, sinks deep into the lake.

From this hiding place he is to be pulled by sheer force, the fly-point being all the while thrust into the water to relieve the strain upon it. By the time he is brought to the surface, being pretty well exhausted, he begins to recline on his side. You must not allow him now a moment's rest, but tow him to and fro as you draw him in (having obliqued from the boat in coming up,) and when within reach of the set, let his head be raised slightly, and he is, or ought to be, scooped up at a single motion. But if this latter operation should fail, he will most assuredly make a dying effort, which not unfrequently proves successful. When fairly in the boat give him the *coup de grace*, fasten on a fresh bait, and repeat the process as often as possible; so much for the manipulation.

Let me furnish you now with a few anecdotes illustrative of the character of this fish.

In May, 1830, I had the honor to form one of a pleasant party at the Pond.—The sport in the forenoon of the first day had been decidedly flat, so much so that we began to apprehend seriously that the country people had exterminated the salmon in the canal, which they frequent while spawning. We launched and recommenced; the lake, to use a stale metaphor, was one huge mirror, reflecting back vastly more light and heat than was necessary to our well being. General A. of the army, soon "declared he had one," the tension of the line, nodding of the rod, and whizzing of the reel, placed the matter beyond doubt. All eyes were directed to see the leap, and out he came, breaking the surface of the aforesaid mirror, and regaling my eyes for the first time with the sight of a salmon-trout. It now cut a variety of capers, sometimes bounding entirely, but at others merely springing to the surface and splashing the water with head and tail; finally it took refuge, contrary to all precedent, under the boat, and there annoyed the General exceedingly by compelling him to shift his line from one side to the other frequently. It turned out a fine active female, weighing upwards of six pounds. The General was a novice at this sport; his subsequent superior good fortune chagrined (I thought) Captain B. of Cambridge, not a little, the latter being a veteran angler who makes a pilgrimage to Sebago Pond, as regularly as the most devout hadji does to the Holy City.

The stomach of this trout disclosed, on being opened, a half digested smelt and several small beetles.

The same afternoon a boy hitched a large trout from the bridge at the outlet; being flurried, he gave up his rod to a bystander, who exhausted the trout *secundem artem*, but having neither net or gaff, towed it into a small nook, whereupon, an effort being made to drag it ashore, it broke loose. The boy, not caring about ways and means, threw himself into the water, and by dint of scraping and kicking, actually forced the fish on the beach. A net is indispensable to taking in a salmon, and numerous instances of failure in consequence of the want of one could be adduced.

On a fine morning, early in June, while our party was cantoning on Fry's Island, Mr. D. of Portland, took several before breakfast, the largest weighing 8 pounds; after this your humble servant, having nestled himself down to enjoy all a cigar could afford, was interrupted by a most abrupt and vigorous jerk;—being somewhat startled he returned the salutation in like manner; and this *poisson* made a dash to *be* off, snapped the rod at the middle joint, carrying the upper pieces with him, but was so inconsiderate as to leave the reel with the remainder. D. hooks one at the same moment. The scene which now ensues is farcical enough: each of the parties interested thinks he has a right to direct, and does so accordingly; both have equitable claims to the net, (the hook has worn a great hole in D's. trout, the line is not to be slacked a moment), four or five are standing at once, the boat rolls like a candle, some commanding, the rest advising, but none obeying or heeding. Captain M. who, as being a kind of *arbiter elegantiarum* in these matters, has a prescriptive right to command, gives up in despair.—To add to the delights of this scene some one treads upon Captain B's fly-joint, and a sharp "damnation" tells that it is unpardonable. The fish are eventually secured, being male and female, the latter weighing a fraction over eight pounds, the former an ounce or so less.

I tried once on this occasion to draw in the fish by sheer force, but was so well convinced of the folly of the attempt that it was not repeated.

The Transcript notices the *appearance* of a thirteen pr. trout from Sebago Pond, in the Boston market; I read this with somewhat of the same delightful feeling with which a lottery adventurer looks over a "list of capitals sold at Schuyler's;" however, the editor must abate something from the *unparalleled* praise he bestows on him, for though a large trout there have been his equals, and even better.

The fish of this beautiful lake are, so far as my information extends, essentially different from those of any other, and combine activity with the power of protracted resistance, perhaps in a more eminent degree than any other of the fresh water race. The pickerel, when he finds himself ensnared, after all his deliberation, will indeed whisk about with the speed of electricity; this, however, is but momentary—he soon yields himself a passive captive. I have taken in Dicks river, in Kentucky, an active fish, there called the *jumping perch*, that flounces about bravely when hooked; but, to the salmon-trout, it is the clumsy cur compared to the fleet greyhound. There are, I must confess, some grievous drawbacks on this diversion; the fish are scarce—I have never taken more than six in a day, and at least two of them were *racers*, (a slender subvariety or may be poverty-stricken individuals); besides, on a hot calm day, the salmon won't *bite*, and a party must recur to its own resources: 'tis then the enlivening anecdote comes into request, and each individual must contribute to the stock, for there is, save now and then the lonely scream of the loon from some secluded cove, absolutely nothing else to relieve the ear from death-like silence. If, however, you are of sentimental temperament, you may watch the snail-creeping raft, just emerging from some distant headland, and have besides one of America's grandest scenes to contemplate.

Yours, M.

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RACE EXTRAORDINARY.—We understand, some time last week, six Lawyers and the Judge, on their way to Lincoln Court, in this State were jogging along quite leisurely, in Indian file, when the fith horse became alarmed at something in the road, and started, upset the gig, threw out the driver, and scattered books, papers, &c., in every direction. He soon came up with the fourth horse, who kept going ahead, and succeeding in overtaking the third, second and first horses, all of which took the alarm, and went ahead, but thinking their load too heavy, and seeing the advantage their opponents had over them, soon knocked sulkies to pieces, scattered books, papers, lawyers and all in the road, and then endeavored to overtake Nos. 4 and 5; but whether they succeeded or not, we are uninformed. All this took place within four or five miles of the Court-house; and although the five sulkies were all knocked into a cocked hat, we are happy to learn the lawyers were more scared than hurt.

Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist.

*An antidote for Arsenic.*—Tobacco is said to be an infallible preventive of the effects of arsenic when taken in the stomach.

## THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"Here's a day! a February day! an English day! rain, snow, sleet—sleet' snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate! wretched beings who are heirs to it! Siberia an eternal summer!...... Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say they *do live* in such a country? They do not; and they know they do not. It is not life, nor is it death—it is one intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too plainly, and sink, sink momently under the knowledge! I'll go out—I cannot catch more than fifty exclusively English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; or I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, and pretending to cheerfulness—the impostor! Cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie! He comes here grinning, chuckling and crowing out his good humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man! That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such affliction! I hate that fellow, and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—the puppy!—one of the sore-threat catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neckcloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way. I *must* go out; for, only listen a moment to those eternal Miss Thompson's, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century!—And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell, ('Domestic Cookery,' p. 18), that '*Maids* should be hung up for one day at least.'............... I must go out, for if I stay at home I shall be bored again with that rhubarb headed doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—pah! what's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'—Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind!—there's a gust!—a Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a climate!—Good heavens! there's a gust—Hah! hah! hah! the chimney pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox that surmounted the flue at No. 9 is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8—Whew!—well flown, pigeons!—well run, fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella—the whole is on his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—murder!—no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now, his hat!—a steeple chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no takers?............Oh, lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth.... Mrs. Fondleman if anything should happen to me in my absence—(Why do you smile madame?)—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter. 'La, sir! are you out of your senses?' 'Suppose I am, madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birthright to be so, if I choose?—not a word more madam, but give me my parabones, my cloak, my umbrella, let me go, for go I will'.......... It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has made her unhappy children.... Pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet, and snow! Merry England!—But no matter—out I *will go*. No, I *will not* have a coach—a hearse would be more germane to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, madam, I am determined!............

* * * * * * * * *

[Enter Boots.] 'Zur.' 'What a brute! in a smock frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mandrake in top boots and corduroys, with a Salisbury Plain of cheek—the entire creature a personification of that elegant, compound *chaw-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one?....Have you any thing to eat?' 'Zur?' 'Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master.' 'Ize no measter, zur.' 'What have you then? who is your keeper?' 'Missuz.' 'Well, send in the Sycorax.... What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me in!—fit only for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils!'—dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb.' But what does it matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take 'mine ease in mine inn.'.... Now, d—n that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon, but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain a hat wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it—how busy he is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me. That knot in the oaken wainscoat glares like the eye of an ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my foot; and the cricket shrills horribly underneath the hearth stone!—And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—Waiter! waiter!"

"Glances at Life in City and Suburbs," by Cornelius Webbe."

## THE HUNTSMAN AND HIS HORSE.

Oh! a hunter's life is wild and free,
He knows not care nor fear;
And he faces danger as daringly
As though death were not always near.
But it is not thou, hunter bold and free,
That excites the spirit of envy in me.

The gallant steed has left the stall,
He stands by his master's side;
While clear on the air, comes the hunter's call;
And he snuffs the air with pride.
The rider mounts, and away they fly,
Over mountain and valley right merrily.

He spurns the ground beneath his feet,
And the rider's spirit bounds,
In the daring leap, he keeps his seat;
And his cheering cry resounds.
But if his feelings are ecstacy,
What must his noble hunter's be?

And now the joys of chase to crown,
Fast and deep the wine cup flows;
But the noble steed has laid him down
On his bed of straw to sweet repose.
Oh! who would not rather that brave steed be
Than his master indulging in revelry?

X. Y. Z.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1836.

## MADAME MALIBRAN.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. FAY to the editors of the Mirror, was received by the same packet that brought the sad intelligence that Madame Malibran was no more; but its publication has been unavoidably delayed until the present time:—

"A few weeks before her death, I saw Malibran at Drury-lane, in *La Somnambula*. The house was excessively thronged, not with mere fashionable people, but with obviously genuine lovers of music. She came down the stage in her own original way, careless, commonplace, almost awkward, and altogether but a simple peasant-girl. Her face did not at first strike me as beautiful, although with her handsome head, Turkish eyes, and sunshiny smile, far from homely. As I looked upon her, just ripened as she was fairly into womanhood, and thought how many millions had murmured "Malibran" with rapture, how wide-blown and general as the very air her fame was, how, in her own fiery clime of Italy, crowds, under the intolerable intoxication of her genius, had almost shaken down their temples of music upon her head, and how, wherever she moved, on her steps waited more than the homage of a queen—sober judgment convinced me that even her extraordinary talents were overrated. I had been, for years, in the occasional habit of hearing her, and always with an extravagant gratification, not unworthy her wildest transalpine adorers; but youth, I thought, had hitherto painted her in too glowing colors, and a maturer judgment would now correct the illusion. For several minutes, while she sang, I indulged in philosophical musings, to the effect that I was growing wise, and also, old; that time had begun to abate the fervor of fancy; and that, with a feeling, half sadness and half congratulation, I should bid adieu to boyish ardor, and accept the safer companionship of age and experience. The glittering eyes of the siren flashed upon me in the midst of my reflections, not a little ruffling their placid stream, and a sudden gush of melody—now the wild revelry of a lark mounting to the sun, and now the deep tones of a trumpet startling a city of sleepers to war and death—effectually put to flight my "philosophy," and taught me more proper homage to genius. From this moment she went on developing, more and more distinctly, her wonderful qualities both as an actress and a vocalist, and proving that time, instead of tempering my fervor, had but strengthened it to a fuller appreciation of her powers, which, perhaps, she had also brought to more amazing perfection. At length I was wrought to a degree of excitement amounting almost to pain, and which, perhaps, only certain tremendous realities of life should produce. When Amina, crushed and broken-hearted by the scorn of the village, the triumph of her rival and the abhorrence of her lover, abandons herself to despair, and when again she walks forth in her disturbed sleep, re-establishes her innocence by this well-imagined chance, and awakens to the full recovery of all she had lost, it is utterly impossible to describe, in ordinary terms, the power of the actress, the splendor of the vocalist, the magnificent charms of the woman, or the unmeasured emotions of the audience. Softened, subdued, ashamed, and

struggling vainly away from the spells of the dazzling and terrible enchantress, I was captivated beyond the possibility of resistance. Bathed in a beauty that seemed descended upon her as if by magic, living light appeared to fall from her eyes, with each new outburst of ravishing music, and she shone like some enchanted vision of an opium-eater's imagination. Her passionate attitudes, her commanding gestures, her dignified, yet lovely form, clad, though not immodestly, in such drapery as sculpture loves, the remarkable and expressive play of her features, her noble and Juno-like brow, her tread across the stage as of a goddess on Olympus, and above all her inconceivable singing, impressed an ineffaceable picture upon my mind—Joan d'Arc in the shock of battle, or some fiery priestess delivering the answer of her God at Delphi. The audience shared my enthusiasm. They rose, they shouted, they thundered; hats, hands, handkerchiefs, shawls waved from every quarter of the house, and peal after peal broke forth, again, again, and again, as if the hurricane she had raised would never subside. Thus was—throned in light—floating on music—greeted by almost fearful tumults of adulation and wonder—her eyes darting because of joy and beauty—her countenance glowing with the delight she felt and imparted—swaying at her will thousands of hearts at the same moment—and kindled herself with the most vivid impulses of life—it was thus I last beheld this arch empress of tragedy and music, a few bridf days before she closed her existence. Is it possible to picture her—inspired and rapture-breathing creature as she was—at a moment's warning, in the midst of her fame, from the worship of expectant and gay multitudes, called to the feverish pillow, passing through the stages of a prostrating malady—that voice, with which all Europe rings, sunk to a dying whisper, those burning eyes quenched, those impassioned lips locked in icy and eternal silence, and that bright form, whose revelations to us have been only in enchantment and splendor, hidden for ever in the grave!"

### WESTERN THEATRICALS.

The Louisville City Gazette of the 4th inst. has the following article of theatrical intelligence:—

Amusements of our City, &c.—*The City Theatre*, under Mr. Parsons' management, is still open. He merits his reputation, and is a good actor. By the way, speaking of this establishment, we are induced to give a little of its *statistics*. We have understood that the managers are making every exertion to sustain themselves against the tide of opposition setting in—that their stock company for the Natchez and the Camp-street theatres will consist of the following members, for this winter:—Messrs. C. B. Parsons, F. S. Hill, G. P. Farren, H. Walton, M. Lake, R. Russell, sen., R. Russell, jr., Fielding, Barclay, Boyle, Hancock, Foster, Clarke, Smith, Archer, Reed, Milot, Simonds, Sowerby, Eversul, and Gray. Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Rowe, Miss Lake, Miss Rowe. These will be divided between the Natchez and New Orleans theatres—the former under the management of our fellow citizen, C. B. Parsons, and the latter under Mr. Hill's management—the whole under the supervision of Mr. Russell. We presume a sufficient array of *stars* will be produced to light up the darkness which would otherwise prevail. The following, former members of this *corps dramatique*, have resigned their situations within the last six months:—Messrs. J. M. Scott, Thorne, Wills, Williamson, Bannister, Reynoldson, Hodges, Hunt, Green, W. Walton. Waters, Delmod, Mason, Maynard, Thompson, Fairchild, Johnson, Van Camp, Lyons, Chipp, and Herbert; Misses Nelson, De Bar, Petrie; Mesdames Salzman, Kutz, Herbert, Johnson, Lyons, and Chipp. Those of the company who have died were Mrs. Wallack, Mrs. Higgins, and Miss Rae. There is undoubtedly talent left in the company, and good actors and interesting actresses, for Mr. Farren, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Hill, would do no discredit to any theatre, and Miss Russell and Miss Clarke deserve all the praise that has been lavished on them. But we must confess that of *the strength of the company*, those who have left were "the brawn and muscle."

Our old friend Thorne, of comic memory, is in town. He has appeared on one or two occasions in favorite characters, and for aught we know, will stick his name up for a benefit one of these days. He is a happy fellow, for he makes the audience so comfortable. He never shows his teeth, but your inclination to laugh is irresistible. We believe this is the last of him in the capacity of an actor. We shall next hear of him as Mr. Manager Thorne—the man of business. In conjunction with J. M. Scott, he takes charge of the Vicksburg theatre, an establishment which somebody has informed Porter, of the Spirit of th. Times, is an eight by ten affair, and which we beg to correct, by saying, when completed, its dimensions will be quite seemly—being one hundred and twenty by sixty-two feet. The people of Vicksburg are a high-minded, spirited people, and in Thorne and Scott they will have the very managers to suit them. By the bye, of Thorne's benefit—when will it take place? We should like to know, and if possible, to see Farren on that occasion.

## Summary.

Where to find Hares.—Hares remain in growing corn until the operation of the sickle compels them to seek some other shelter. When driven from their summer quarters they betake themselves to the woods, or lie concealed under hedges or bushes, or on the steep sides of brakes or cloughs, where there is plenty of cover, and sometimes in aftermath; all which situations they, in a great measure, abandon when the autumnal leaves begin to fall; their next location is in patches of fern, heath, or rushes, where they are to be found all the winter, though the best place to look for them in November is the stubble field, where they will not unfrequently be found in October and December. In January they are often met with in the fallow fields. Should the weather be warm after the 10th of January they will be found in the vicinity of marches, or in other low moist situations.

Oakley Shooting Code.

A very useful little volume on etiquette says—"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she* bow to *you*—you, *as a gentleman, cannot cut her*."

A Bit of a Mistake.—The other day, a passenger on board on of the Canal swift-boats missed his handkerchief, and, suspecting the honesty of a genuine son of the sod who sat next him, he bluntly requested him to unfold the secret of his roguery, by submitting himself to be searched. At once, with great goodwill, the scrutiny was consented to, but it turned out most awkwardly for Paddy's accuser, that the missing article was at last discovered in his *own hat*. The latter, of course, proceeded in all haste to apologize for his mistake, when he was interrupted by Paddy replying, *not* in a lady's whisper, "O never mind, there is no harm at all, at all; you took *me* for a *rogue*, and I took *you* tor a *jintleman*, and now you see we were *both* mistaken!"

The Express Mail went into operation on Tuesday last. It closes at the New York post office at half past three o'clock, and is despatched with the principal mail to Philadelphia. A notice from the postmaster here, says—

All letters intended for the express mail, for places beyond Philadelphia, must be marked express mail. The offices at which the express mail will be opened, are N. York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, Fredricksburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Raleigh, Fayetteville, Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans. All letters sent by the express mail, including public despatches, will be charged with *triple postage*. No free letters or letters containing money, or letters (not public despatches) exceeding half one ounce in weight, or letters for Philadelphia, will be sent by the Express mail.

Slips from newspapers, not to exceed two columns of the paper, in each case, may be sent free from one newspaper publisher to another, in exchange.

The express mail is to arrive here every day at 3 o'clock P. M. in winter. and at 2 P. M. in summer.

Size of Theatres.—Our Theatres—Drury-lane and Covent-Garden—are fit for nothing; they are too large for acting and too small for a bull fight.

Coleridge.

Woman's Confidence.—There is something so beautifully confiding in the natural feelings of woman's heart, that she will never doubt till she has been taught to do so.

Bellini and Malibran.—A circumstance that may well claim to be considered a remarkable coincidence has been pointed out to our attention. Bellini and Malibran—whose names have been associated in public mind—as regards the English public more especially, *Amina* being the first character she played on our boards, died on *the same day of the same month*, exactly a year intervening. Bellini's death occurred on September 23rd, 1835.

Yankee Wit.—On a recent visit of Mr. Webster to Westfield, Mass. Mr. Hiram Hull, the extensive whip manufacturer in that place, having an elegant whip finished as a present for Mr. Webster, this opportunity was taken to present it to him: which was appropriately done by the hon. Patrick Boies, It was pleasantly remarked by Mr. Boies, that if Mr. Webster's friends could not give him the *reins*, they would give him a *whip*; to which Mr. Webster facetiously replied, that so long as the people entrusted him with the *whip*, he would see that those who held the reins should not want for suitable monitions to keep the *right track*.

Imagined robbery.—A laughable affair took place this morning as the steamboat was about stopping at the wharf. A gentleman came running on deck with a cloak over his shoulders, just as he came from his berth, crying at the top of his voice, 'capt. Howes, capt. Howes—stop her—stop her—I have been robbed of my watch.' 'You see it is too late now,' was the reply—'the passengers are going on shore, and many of them are on the wharf. You had better go and look in your berth.' 'O no,' was the rejoinder, 'I am robbed—I lost my watch out of my pocket while I was asleep. *I had a guard round my neck.*' Now the truth was, that while the gentleman was asleep, the watch by some means or other slipped out of his pocket or fob, and had got round behind him, and was dangling at his back, to the no small amusement of the by-standers.

Portland Adv.

A Lucky Fellow.—On Friday night, a black fellow went to a lodging house at the foot of Vesey street, where blacks and whites are in the habit of being accommodated with lodgings, at six cents each; and asked for a bed. He was shown to one, which, however, on account of his having other objects in view, he did not occupy, but crept through a scuttle in the roof, from which he passed to the roof of a neighbouring store, the scuttle of which he attempted to open, for the purpose of getting in and stealing what he could find.—In attempting to lift the scuttle on the roof of the store, the unlucky wight slipped and fell to the street. It being a three story building, instant death would probably been the reward of his dishonesty, had he not very luckily fallen on an awning which projected across the pavement, and from which he rolled into the street, when he instantly jumped on his feet and ran as hard as he was able, to avoid being apprehended. He, luckily for himself, escaped.

N. Y. Sun.

Cure for the Tootache.—It is with great pleasure we announce to our readers that we are in possession of one of the greatest desiderata in the whole materia medica. The remedy is simple, easily procured, easily applied and effectual. We do not speak unadvisedly, for we have tried it upon our own masticators, and those of our family and some half a dozen of our friends, and we are therefore enabled to speak with confidence and safety. The receipt is as follows: take a lump of unslacked lime, about the size of a hickory nut, and dissolve or slack it in two thirds or three quarters of a tumbler of water. Hold the lime-water in the mouth contiguous to the aching tooth, and certain relief will ensue. We never knew it to fail. If the relief is not permanent, repeat the application as often as the pain returns. If the pain is stubborn and refuses to yield, the lime water may be made thicker and stronger.

Garrick.—Lord Orrery prevailed upon Pope to see Garrick, (at Goodman's Field's playhouse,) when he broke out, as it has been applied to Walker, like the Irish rebellion, thirty thousand strong, in one of his popular characters. "I am afraid," said Pope, (who could see many a Roscius and Æsopus in one Garrick,) "that young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor."

Anecdote of the late John Marshall.—In Judge Marshall's yearly visits to Pauquier, where the proper implements of his favourite sport (quoits) were not to be had, he still practised it among his rustic friends with flat stones for quoits. A casual guest at a barbacue in that county, (one of those rural entertainments so frequent among the country people of Virginia) soon after his arrival at the spot saw an old man emerging from a thicket which bordered the neighbouring brook, carrying as large a pile of these flat stones as he could hold between his right arm and his chin; he stepped briskly up to the company, and threw down his load among them, exclaiming, "There! Here are quoits enough for us all?" The stranger's surprise may be imagined when he found that this plain and cheerful old man was the chief justice of the U. States.

Anecdote of Malibran.—A poor Italian chorus singer, in the King's Theatre, had lost his voice by a severe cold, and had applied to Madame for pecuniary assistance to enable him to return to his native county. The truth of his destitute condition being ascertained, Malibran gave him five sovereigns, stating that his passage was paid to Leghorn, and from thence to his native place. The poor fellow, upon these glad tidings, exclaimed, "Oh, Madame, mi avete sempre salvato"—(Ah Madame, you have saved me for ever.)—With a beneficent smile she immediately replied, "No: Dio solamente puo fare quello. Dite nessuno"—(No: the Almighty alone can do. Tell no one.)

Breach of Promise.—A case was tried lately in the Exeter County Court, New Hampshire, in which a lady sued her swain for a breach of promise to marry her. The defence set up on the part of the defendant, was a partial deafness in the fair plaintiff the matrimonial engagement between them having subsisted for more than five years. Judge Green took strong ground against the defendant, and laid down the law in terms that must entitle him to the veneration of every dilapidated spinster in Christendom, and in which, too, we are inclined to think he is right, morally, legally, and otherwise. He told the Jury, that no personal change in a woman under an engagement of marriage, can justify a man who has sought and obtained her promise, in receding from his own, unless the change be of such a nature as to disqualify her from fulfilling the duties of a wife; such, for instance, as becoming blind, totally deaf, paralytic or lame. His honour thought that if even a very handsome woman should become as ugly as a Hottentot, the man would still be bound by his bargain. The Jury thought so too, and found a verdict for five hundred dollars damages. The recreant *promissor* in this case acted very differently from the Duke of Wellington; who, on his return from a very long absence in India, found the lady to whom he was betrothed, despoiled of all her beauty by the small pox, but who scorned to let the circumstance weigh a feather with his affections. He married the lady notwithstanding her voluntary tender of a release from the engagement. The New Hampshire Jury did not give damages enough.

Courier and Enquirer.

Dover Steam-Packet Races.—Much interest was caused this morning in consequence of its being known that the Water-witch steam-packet, Captain Hayward, a new and very fast steamer, was about to make a trip to Calais with the Courier, fast French mail packet, the latter having high pressure engines. A vast number of persons were present on the flowing of the tide to witness their departure, when both packets cast off their ropes at the same time. The Water-witch took the lead, which she kept in exceedingly fine style, and arrived at Calais seven minutes before her opponent, and after landing eight horses, carriages, and her passengers, which occupied about an hour, she returned again to Dover, and was enabled to save her tide into the harbor, thus having gone to Calais and back to Dover, waiting one hour at the former place, in the short time of five hours and forty minutes. This is considered the greatest steam-packet feat since they have been established at this port.


### TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

### TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

### D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

### SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

### AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

### NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

### A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

### BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to

[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

### MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 23.

### HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

### A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

### NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| The ERIE, | Capt. J. Benson, | The CHAMPLAIN, | Capt. A. Gorham, |
| " ALBANY, | " J. G. Jenkins, | " NORTH AMERICA, | " G. Lathrop, |
| " OHIO, | " M. Bartholomew, | " DE WITT CLINTON, | S. R. Roe. |
| The ROBERT L. STEVENS, | J. P. Dean. | | |

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

### PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

### SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

### J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

### INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York. June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

### FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

### SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

### PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

### NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

## RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

| | |
|---|---|
| AUGUSTA, Ga | Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a |
| " " | Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*. vs. *Miss Medley*. |
| ALEXANDRIA, La. | Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec. |
| " " | Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec. |
| " " | Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec. |
| " " | Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15. |
| " " | Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16. |
| BALTIMORE, Md. | Match $5000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837. |
| CHARLESTON, S. C. | Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb. |
| COLUMBIA, S. C. | Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan. |
| FRANKLIN, La. | Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837. |
| LOWNDES Co. Ala. | Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting 3d Monday, 19th Dec. |
| MONTGOMERY, Ala. | Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. |
| NEW YORK CITY. | Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May. |
| NATCHEZ, Miss. | Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March. |
| " " | Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27. |
| " " | Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837. |
| " " | Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b.c. by Pacific vs. b.c. by Longwaist; Feb. |
| " " | Match, Mile hts $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb. |
| " " | Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837. |
| " " | Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb. |
| " " | Match, 4 m. h., $3,000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837. |
| NASHVILLE, Tenn. | Match — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi. Fall, 1838. |
| PHILADELPHIA, Pa. | Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May. |
| PLAQUEMINE, La. | Match, 2 m. h., $2,000 a-side, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec. |
| TREE HILL, Va. | Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837. |
| TUSCALOOSA, Ala. | Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec. |
| VICKSBURG, Miss. | Jockey Club, 1st meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th Dec. |
| WASHINGTON CITY. | National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May. |

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

## AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

Mr. STRATTON's new Stud Book, which is now in press at Washington, will not appear quite so soon as was anticipated, so that the opportunity is still presented for turfmen and breeders to have the pedigrees of their stock inserted. We are authorised to state that any pedigrees furnished for the Spirit of the Times, will be re-copied into the Stud Book, if sent immediately. We need not remark upon the importance to breeders of having an authentic record to refer to for the pedigrees of their stock. The price of the American Stud Book will be $5 per copy, paid on delivery of the work. Northern turfmen, by leaving their names at our office, will be supplied with early copies, without the trouble or expense of sending their names to Washington. A friend has obligingly furnished us with the

*Contents of the American Stud Book.*

The portraits and memoirs of Sir Archy and Eclipse. The most famed English brood mares and produce. A brief history of the Turf, English and American. Catalogue of the most renowned English Race Horses and Stallions, with notes—imported Stallions and Mares. Examples of speed both in England and America—length of Courses—weights, &c. Best American Brood Mares and Produce. Many thousand American pedigrees. Obituary of American Stallions. Catalogue of ditto both in England and America, 1835. Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winners, with their pedigrees. Laws of the National Jockey Club—showing wherein they differ from those of the Union Course, &c. American Racing Calendar, to the end of 1836. Copious Indexes.

With such a work in the Judges' hands, at every race run in the country, and before the Secretary of every Jockey Club, when he reports the races, to be recorded in the Sporting periodicals, every reader will learn at once much that he now seeks for in vain; and henceforth, with such reports, we shall have ample means to continue a complete American Stud Book, which turfmen say they have very much at heart.

As a specimen of the pedigrees given in Mr. Stratton's Stud Book, we beg to refer our readers to that of Mr. STEVENS' *Fanny Wyatt*, given in this paper last week, (3d column of 1st page), by a Virginia correspondent, who has had access to the pages of the work.

*Trainer Wanted.*—A person is wanted to take charge of a stable of horses about to be sent from this city to St. Louis, Missouri. A permanent situation as trainer, and good wages may be obtained by any one who can come well recommended. Apply to the editor of this paper, 157 Broadway.

A correspondent asks for the pedigree and achievements of the imported horse *Skylark*. For a long and successful career as winner of 4 mile heats, he is said to rival *Ariel*.

A correspondent asks for the pedigree of Mr. GIBBONS' *Shadow*, out of Sally Slouch; Mr. STEVENS' imported *Princess*; Mr. J. P. CORBIN's *Preston*, and of all such stock as is not registered in any periodical, nor forwarded for publication in the American Stud Book. An early communication to the Editor will lead to an insertion in the latter work, which seems worthy of the attention of every breeder. It is earnestly hoped the owners of brood mares will furnish to the editor an account of them and their produce, after the form of the English Stud Book, for publication.

## EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

FELT.—This promising young stallion makes his next season at Col. WARE's, in Frederick County, Virginia, (or what was Frederick, for that part is cut off, and makes a new county). *Felt* is by Langar, the sire of *Elis*, who won, the other day, the great Doncaster St. Leger with ease. Langar and Sultan are by the same horse, Selim; their dams by own brothers, Walton, and Williamson's Ditto, and the running of both was good, though somewhat different in its character. Sultan was a speedy horse, but I do not think he ever won a four mile race, though he started several times. True, he walked over for the Whip, after Master Henry broke down, whom he had permitted to walk over for the same trophy. Langar proved himself good *at all distances*, though he ran generally in Ireland. Langar first covered in Ireland, but the running of some of his first colts, particularly Felt, was so good, that he was brought to England, and has since that time been very liberally patronized. The result is, that his colts have performed uncommonly well, showing great speed, and what the Sultan's generally want, a corresponding stoutness. The performances of Felt mainly contributed to bring Langar into notice, and by a proper patronage, to give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a successful stallion. The colts of Langar have won more than their proportion of races this year, and what is more complimentary, their full proportion of the big things. Elis is equal to any colt in England, and taking into consideration his frequent and successful running, and the handsome manner in which he won the St. Leger, ought to be considered first. While speaking of the St. Leger it may be remarked, that the 1st, 2d, and 3d, for that race, are nearly related to some of our imported horses. Elis, the winner, is, on the sire's side, half brother to *Felt*. Scroggins, that ran second, but probably owed this position to his being kept *fresh* for this race, is own brother to *St. Giles*, and half brother to *Zinganee*, being got by Tramp. Beeswing, that was beat a head, is out of *Emancipation's* dam, and she would probably have been second, but for her previous hard running. This old mare brings a *clipper* every time.

Those who have to contend against *Felt's* colts may look out for breakers a-head, for he has covered many good mares, and the strong likeness of his form to Langar's, and being of a racing family *both sides*, justify high expectation of his future eminence as a stallion. Yours, &c. D. Q.

EMIGRANT ACTORS.—America, says Bell's Life in London, has a powerful company of English performers, including, amid many others, the well-known names of Booth, James Wallack, C. E. Horn, Dowton, Keeley, Power, Balls, Abbott, C. and John Mason, Decamp, Hamblin, Hunt, Latham, Mitchell, Fredericks, Mrs. Ternan (late Miss Jarman), Mrs. Keeley, Miss Phillips (from Drury), Miss George, Miss Lydia Kelly, Mrs. Watson (late Miss Wells), Miss Watson, Miss Mason, Mrs. Hamblin (late Miss Blanchard), and to these will shortly be added Ellen Tree.

It is stated that "all the leading Nobility, including the Queen and Duchess of Kent, have taken private boxes at Drury-lane theatre, and that the amount already subscribed far exceeds £4000."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE NICHOLAS.—The following is an extract from a letter received from the highest quarter:—"You have, perhaps, received no further information as regards the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Russia. His Imperial Majesty was shot at by a ruffian. An aide-de-camp was killed by his side. Whether from the effect of the shot, or the violent convulsions of his dying neighbor, his Imperial Majesty had his shoulder dislocated.—The result of this attack has been exaggerated. His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael, who was on the point of going to England, was sent for by express, and his voyage was thereby put off for a time. His Imperial Majesty, however, I am happy to say, is completely restored from this sanguinary attack. If the Emperor Nicholas had fallen, we should have deeply lamented it. He has the genius of a great sovereign, and the heart of a true man; but we are happy to think that, whenever it occurs, the genius of his country will survive, as it did after the assassination of the Emperor Paul. Fortunate the country where a principle reigns paramount at all times, and "*Le Roi est mort! Vive Le Roi!*" Such a principle is, I am afraid, totally absent in more southern latitudes."

Morning Post.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, Oct. 21, 1836.

DEAR P.—Col. RECTOR's *Bill Gordon* has recovered beyond my expectation; I believe he will stand training next Spring. *Uncas* and *Bay Martha* are in training for the races—they, with a most unpromising colt, constitute the stable of Messrs. FERGUSON & HAWKINS. Capt. TUNSTALL's stable, consisting of *Gazelle*, *Independence*, *Captain Boone*, *Ella Wickam*, and *Aratus*, are expected daily. LORING's stable, in which are *Sir William* and *Eclipse*, will possibly be here. If Sir William and Uncas come together, there will be a monstrous gitting up stairs.

The day after the Jockey Club Races, (over this Course), a sweepstake for two yr. olds, sub. $300, h. f., comes off.—Three entries and closed.

1. Ferguson & Hawkins enter b. c. *Woppanoca*.
2. M. R. T. Outlaw enters b. c. *Davy Crockett*.
3. Thos. T. Tunstall enters b. g. *Gazelle*.

Gazelle the favorite for the race—Davy for the 1st heat. Woppanoca is outside of the outsiders—$100 to a jug of buttermilk being the fair odds against him.

Truly yours, N.

Townsend will walk Young Burn 50 or 60 miles for his own sum; or he will walk him from London to York and back, and give him five hours start. Or he will walk Turner twenty miles, and give him five minutes start, for from 10*l.* to 50*l.* a-side.


SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $500, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to start for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-mo.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

FOR SALE.

A CHESNUT MARE, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.

[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit, $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.

o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnara.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.
2. J. C. Stevens.
3. Robert Tillotson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon.

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets o' Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Anetta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Duster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr. Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in last heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Ten or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——————
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ——————
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ——————
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ——————
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. Jas. B. Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Seldon enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the next season, of 1837.

*Imported Leviathan*, at the stable of Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards, Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. BADGER, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.

Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

*Zinganee* is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

*Hanslap* is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

*Ivanhoe*, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.



NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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